



THE LIBERTY "76" BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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No. 897.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1918.

Price SIX Cents.

THE LIBERTY BOYS AND MOLL PITCHER; OR, THE BRAVE WOMAN GUNNER. AND OTHER STORIES *By HARRY MOORE.*



A bit of flying shell laid the gunner low. Dick ordered the gun removed. Then Moll Pitcher sprang forward. "Let me serve it, sir," she cried. "I can do it." "All right." Then Moll fired the gun, amid cheers.

EDWARD DELCIS

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The Liberty Boys and Moll Pitcher

—OR—

THE BRAVE WOMAN GUNNER

By HARRY MOORE

CHAPTER I.

A BRAVE YOUNG PATRIOT.

Farmer John Warren and his family were just sitting down to supper one warm June evening toward the end of the month in the year 1778.

The Warrens lived not far from Allentown, on the Brunswick road, in New Jersey, and as a rule a good deal of traffic went past the house.

The family consisted of the farmer and his wife, twin children—a boy and a girl, sixteen years of age—and the grandfather, an old man past seventy.

Mrs. Warren was putting the supper on the table when Jack, the son, looking out of the window, said:

"There's a stranger coming up our road, father. He's an old man. That's a fine black horse he is riding."

"He comes in good time," said the mother.

"Go let him in, Jack, and ask him to supper," said the farmer.

John Warren had a twisted leg, and used a crutch, having to depend upon Jack for many things.

"It was the horse that took Jack," said Dorothy, a sweet-faced girl. "He'd like to be a soldier and ride a fine horse like that."

"One son in the army is all I can spare," said Mrs. Warren.

"Yes, I would have been there myself but for my leg," said the farmer.

Jack, meantime, had met the stranger, who seemed to be a man of about sixty years.

"Good-evening, sir," said the boy. "Father sent me to ask you to come to supper. That is a fine horse you have."

"Thank you, my boy. Yes, it is a fine horse."

"I would like to own a horse like that. I want to be a soldier and fight for General Washington."

"There are other ways to serve your country, my boy," said the stranger, dismounting.

Then, as the boy took the horse, he asked in a quiet tone:

"Have the British left Allentown?"

"No, sir, they are still here."

"I would like to know when they leave and by which road. I wish to take word to General Washington."

"Do you know General Washington?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Yes. Say nothing of it. I can trust you, I know."

"You are not an old man," said the boy. "I thought you were at first."

"No, I am not much older than you are. Will you get this information for me?"

"Yes."

The black horse having been put in the barn, Jack and the stranger entered:

"Good-evening, all. Thank you for your kind invitation. You may call me Brooks. A very warm evening, is it not?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Brooks. Excuse my not rising. I have a bad leg. But for it I would be at the front with Washington. I have one son in the army, but can spare no more."

"I would go myself," piped the grandfather, "but they tell me I am too old. I can see, my hearing is good, and I can get around pretty lively, but they say I am too old."

"Wait till all the young men have gone, grandfather," said the other, "then it will be time for you to go."

The meal was well under way when Jack, who seemed to keep his eye on the road, said excitedly:

"My! here are four or five redcoats coming. What can they want?"

"Redcoats?" said the old man in quavering tones. "We have no welcome for redcoats, the invaders."

"No," said the farmer, "and I will very soon tell them so."

"But, father, perhaps they come on a peaceful mission," said the wife.

"The British are not in our country on a peaceful errand," cried Jack. "No redcoat shall be made welcome in this house."

There was a summary knock at the front door at this moment.

"Answer it, Jack," said the farmer.

"I will invite no British soldier into this house," said the boy resolutely.

"Go and see what they want."

"I will go," said Dorothy, springing from her seat.

She went to the door, opened it, and asked:

"What is your business?"

"Excuse me, my girl," said one, in the dress of a sergeant, "but has any one entered here lately?"

"Several have done so."

"Any stranger, I mean; a young man. I am sorry to trouble you, but we are looking for a rebel spy, the well-known Dick Slater. He has been seen—"

"I am a rebel myself, and I hope you won't catch him. I never saw this Dick Slater that you speak of, but if he is a rebel, I am proud of him!"

"I must insist upon searching the house if any young stranger has entered it within—"

"Don't you dare to come in, you redcoats!" cried Jack, running to the door. "No British soldier has ever insulted us by entering here, and none shall."

"My boy," said the officer, "I have no desire to insult you. If you will tell me that no young man riding a black horse has entered the house within the last ten minutes, that will be sufficient."

"I have seen no young man riding a black horse enter this house."

"That is all I want to know."

At that moment one of the soldiers came running up and said:

"Sergeant, there is a black horse in the barn which bears a strong resemblance to—"

"You said no one riding a black horse has been here," said the sergeant severely.

"I did not; I said no young man on a black horse had entered."

At that instant the stranger came forward and said:

"My horse seems to have attracted some attention. I have

been here within the time you mention, but I have seen no other black horse. Are you sure that the person you seek came this way?"

"I thought he had. I was informed so, at any rate."

"He is a spy, you say?"

"Yes, and a noted one. Perhaps you have heard of this Dick Slater, or you may have seen him?"

"Oh, yes, I believe I have seen him. Yes, and I have heard of him often. Quite a saucy fellow, is he not?"

"Yes. And so you have a black horse? Are you one of the family?"

"No, I have not that honor. Do you wish to see my pass? It has never been questioned."

The stranger took a formidable-looking document from his pocket.

"It is not necessary, sir. It was the horse that misled our informants. Dick Slater is a much younger man than you are. In fact, you might be his grandfather."

"Ah, indeed. Well, I wish you all the success you deserve."

"We must look elsewhere, men," said the sergeant. "There is a house close by. The fellow may have gone there."

Then the sergeant and the soldiers went away, and Jack and his sister returned to the dining-room.

The stranger presently followed, and as he sat down, said:

"It was perhaps a great risk to run, but I wished to save you from annoyance. I am Dick Slater myself."

"Dick Slater, captain of the famous Liberty Boys?" cried Jack.

"The same."

"Ah! then of course you have seen General Washington. But you do not look like a boy."

"Not at present," laughingly. "But I have many disguises. I could change this one in an instant if I wished."

"Yours is a perilous life," said Mrs. Warren, while Dorothy sat and fairly devoured with her eyes the brave youth of whom she had often heard.

The Liberty Boys were a band of patriot youths who had been organized for about two years, and in that short space of time they had served their country well.

They had harassed the British on every possible occasion, and had done good service in many parts of the country.

Dick Slater himself was an especial favorite of the general-in-chief, and had been employed by him on many a delicate mission.

"I will not tax your hospitality further," said Dick, rising. "There may be danger to you in my doing so, and I will therefore bid you a good-evening."

They all wished him good-by.

Jack went to the barn with Dick, when the youth said:

"If the British leave Allentown to-night they will take one of two routes: one by the way of Brunswick, and the other by way of Freehold."

"Yes," said Jack.

"If they turn to the right put one light in your attic window; if to the left, put two. I shall be on the hill where I can see the house. I have noticed it before."

"As soon as I find out I will let you know," said Jack.

Then Dick shook hands with the boy and rode away.

Soon after dark he was on an eminence from which Farmer Warren's house could be plainly distinguished.

Presently a single light appeared in the attic window and remained there.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN MOLLY.

At this time Sir Henry Clinton, in command of a large force of British, was making his way through Jersey to New York.

Generals Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette were in favor of attacking him, as was Washington, but General Lee, who was the senior major-general, opposed it.

If an advance were made, Lee would naturally head it, but Lafayette was anxious for the position, and Washington decided to give it to him in case Lee consented.

Washington at this time was at Kingston, and thither Dick Slater made his way as rapidly as possible as soon as he saw the single light which meant that Clinton had taken the road to the right, leading through Freehold to Navesink and Sandy Hook.

The youth reached the main body late at night, but knowing that the general was still up, requested to see him.

He now wore the Continental uniform, which was that worn by the Liberty Boys.

In a few minutes he was informed that the general would see him.

As he entered the general's presence he saluted and said:

"Good-evening, your excellency."

"Ah, good-evening, Dick."

"I have just come from Allentown."

The general looked down at the ground and seemed to be pondering.

"General Clinton has taken the road to Freehold," continued Dick.

"Say you so? This is important."

"Yes, your excellency, and I made all haste to inform you."

"Good! We will attack him there. That is all to-night, but I want that you and your Liberty Boys shall be ready to march with this division."

"Very good, your excellency."

The youth then retired, and went at once to the camp of the Liberty Boys.

Before going to his own tent he entered that of a youth of his own age, named Bob Estabrook, who was his first lieutenant.

"I have news for you, Bob," he said.

"Say you so?"

"Yes. Clinton is marching toward Freehold."

"He will be intercepted?"

"Yes."

"That will please Lafayette. He is most eager to make an attack."

"Yes, while General Lee is not."

"So it seems. I don't like Lee myself, but the general-in-chief seems to defer to him."

"Yes, he does."

"Well, it is not my affair, of course," said Bob, who was most impetuous and outspoken, "but I do not believe that Lee will do our cause any good."

Dick said nothing, and Bob continued in the same strain.

"He is too punctilious, he is always afraid that some one is going to be treated better than he is, and I think he is deferred to too much; but, as I say, it is none of my affair."

"We all have a right to our opinion, Bob," said Dick, between whom and his lieutenant there was the strongest friendship, the two being like brothers."

"True, and I do not air mine, on important subjects like this, to anyone but you, Dick."

"No," was Dick's answer.

"What do you think yourself?" asked Bob, after a few moments' pause.

"I think that there may be trouble," was Dick's reply, and no more was said.

In the morning a hurried march was made to Cranberry, three miles in the rear of the advance guard.

Riding about the camp upon their arrival, Dick saw a fresh-faced Irish woman talking to some of the soldiers.

"Why, here's Captain Molly," he said. "How do you do, Molly?"

"Pretty well, I thank ye, sir," said the woman, with a slight touch of the brogue.

"You know me?"

"Sure I do, sir. Ye're Captain Slater, of the Liberty Boys."

"You were with us at Fort Clinton, weren't you?"

"Indeed I was, sir, and fired the last gun in it. Then I took to my heels," with a merry laugh.

"But it was something to fire the last gun, Molly," said Dick, with a smile.

"Indeed it was, sir," answered the woman.

"Captain Molly," as she was called, was the wife of a gunner, and always went with her husband, fetching water for him to clean the gun with after every discharge.

She was a good-natured Irishwoman, with a fund of ready wit, and seemed to make friends wherever she went.

The Liberty Boys had been on the Hudson, the year before, at the time of the fall of the Highland forts, and Dick had seen Moll Pitcher there at the same time.

As she had said, she had fired the last gun at Fort Clinton, and felt very proud of the fact.

As Dick was talking to the gunner's wife, a rosy-cheeked, freckled, pug-nosed Irish youth came up.

He was one of the Liberty Boys, and was known as Patsy Brannigan, and sometimes as the "Wild Irishman."

With him was a fat youth weighing two hundred pounds of unmistakable German origin, and also in uniform.

He was called Carl Gookenspieler, and, although as brave as a lion, was the source of endless fun among the Liberty Boys.

He and Patsy were continually quarreling, or seeming to be, but it never went beyond words, and did no harm, while it caused a great deal of amusement.

"Who is dhe lady, Dick?" asked Patsy. "It sthroikes me Oi've seen her before."

"Why, this is Captain Molly," said Dick.

"Captain Molly?" echoed Carl. "Dey didn't mage vomans gaptains, doed dey?"

"Captain Molly, is it? Well, she may be a captain, but she's Oirish, be dhe same token."

"You're another, Pat," laughed the gunner's wife.

"An' shure an' how did yez know me name was Pat?"

"Ye have the look of it," laughed the woman.

"Well, Oi'm not ashamed av it. Shure, an' Oi do raymimber yer. Woren't yez on dhe Hudson wid us lasht year whin dhe forts wor attacked be dhe Britishers?"

"I was, and I fired the last gun."

"Oho, dhat's ye, me good woman. It's Moll Pitcher yez are."

"You never said a truer word."

"It's glad to see yez I am. Cookyspiller, dhis is dhe gunner's woife, an' a foine wan she is. She's Oirish. Shure, it's no use to tell yez dhat."

"Vor why ain't it?"

"Becos she's so brave. Begorrah, she do have no more fear av a cannon dhan yez do av a bologna sausage."

"Yah, I bet me, but I don't would lige mein vife to took care off dem cannons."

"Shure an' phwy not, Cookyspiller, me bhy?"

"Vor gause off she got madt mit me somedimes I was tought she would shoot dem off mit me."

"Shure, an' ye're an aisy mark, Dootchy. A gunner cud hit yez wid his eyes shut."

"Well, yez would be safe anyhow, me bhy," continued Patsy.

"Vor why was dot?"

"Becos no girrul would marry yez av she took a good luk at yez."

"You're not married yoursilf, Patsy," said Moll Pitcher.

"Give me toime, won't yez?" was Patsy's answer. "It's on'y a shlip av a bhy Oi am yet."

"You're wise enough, if you are."

"Dhat's phwat dhey've towld me. Well good-morin' to yez, ma'am. It's dhe brave sarvice yez'll be doin' fur dhe counthry before long, or Oi'm greatly mishtaken."

"True for you, Patsy," and then the young Irishman and Carl followed Dick and saw no more of the gunner's wife for the time.

Word came soon that Lee had again assumed command, and that he was to lead the attack on Sir Henry Clinton by the advance guard.

That day Dick set out in disguise to obtain information concerning the British.

He was making his way rapidly along a shaded road when the heard voices around a bend in the road.

There would have been nothing surprising in that, but just then he heard someone say:

"If we can get word to the British it'll be a big surprise to the Yankees."

"Oh, it will, eh?" was the youth's thought. "These fellows are spies or Tories. I must hear more of this."

Creeping cautiously forward, he slipped through the bushes, took a short cut, and got ahead of the party.

Then he peered out cautiously, and saw three roughly dressed youths of his own age coming along the road at an easy gait, talking earnestly among themselves.

"They are only boys," thought Dick, "but they may do as much mischief as men if I do not prevent them."

"Yes, and we'll get some silver for it, too," said one.

"There's no doubt about what you'll get," thought Dick.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW RECRUIT.

Stepping suddenly out in front of the three country boys, Dick said sharply:

"Halt!"

The boys stopped on the instant.

Then they saw that they were confronted by a single youth. They were three to one.

"Huh!" grunted one. "Suppose we don't want to halt? What then, hey?"

"Then I will have to make you."

The three youths laughed scornfully.

Any of them seemed a match for Dick as far as appearances went.

Dick Slater possessed wonderful strength, but it did not show, outwardly.

"Come on, boys, let's wallop him!"

"Yes, let's tie him in a bow-knot."

"Tell us he'll make us—ha, ha, ha!"

The three youths made a sudden dash.

Then they stopped suddenly.

They all at once found that they were looking into the muzzles of a brace of pistols.

Their first impulse, after stopping so suddenly, was to take to their heels.

Dick seemed to read their thoughts.

"Don't any of you dare to run," he said.

The three stood motionless.

"Now, what were you three rascals going to tell the British?" asked Dick.

"Wasn't goin' to tell 'em nothin'!"

"We hain't got nothin' to do with 'em, we haven't."

"It wasn't us, at all. Guess you must have made a mistake."

"No, it was you who made a mistake. Now, put up your hands."

Three pairs of very dirty hands shot up in the air in an instant.

It was scarcely likely that any of them had a pistol.

Still, Dick Slater was a pretty shrewd youth, and was not taking any risks.

"Now turn around."

The youths obeyed quickly.

"Forward—march!"

One of the party tried to run, but Dick brought him up sharp with:

"Steady! If you try running you will be sorry. Now march steady."

After that none of the party attempted to escape by making a sudden dash.

Dick also made them spread out so that they could not talk to each other.

He marched them down the road at a good gait, but would not allow them to run.

Finally one turned his head and asked:

"What are you going to do with us?"

"I think a good ducking in a horse-pond would be about the right thing."

"You don't dare to hang us."

"It's really too good for you."

"What have we done, anyhow?" asked the other two.

"Stop asking questions, and keep right on. If you turn your heads again you'll catch it."

Neither of the bumpkins turned his head around again after that.

Then Dick put his pistols in his pocket.

He was satisfied now that none of the boys was armed.

They might do mischief in other ways, however, and he meant to stop it.

Back to his camp he marched them, and turned them over to the guard.

"These three fellows were on their way to the British to give information concerning us," the youth said. "It's too much to hang them, but they must be punished."

"A good licking all around would teach them a little sense, I guess," said the guard.

Then the three boys protested that they had not meant any harm, that they had been merely joking, that they saw Dick coming and thought it would be funny to fool him, and many more lies to the same purpose.

They were thoroughly frightened, and if they had been threatened with a hanging could not have been more alarmed.

They had been thrashed before, every one of them, and they knew well what it was.

They were put under guard and kept where they could do no mischief till it would be too late.

Having seen them disposed of in this manner, Dick was about to set out again when he saw a boy talking to a sentry.

"Why, Jack Warren, is that you?" he asked.

The boy colored and said:

"Yes. I want to see Captain Slater."

"I am he, Jack."

"Oh, yes; I remember your voice, but your looks have changed."

"What is it, Jack?" taking the boy aside. "Any further information?"

"No; I want to join the Liberty Boys."

"But your mother, Jack?"

"Oh, she knows I've gone."

"Well, if there's no objection at home, of course, I have none. Can you ride?"

"Oh, yes."

"And shoot?"

"Yes."

"Well, as you are a farmer's boy, you are tough and can stand fatigue. How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"It is necessary to ask you to take the oath."

"I will do everything in my power for my country."

"I am sure of that, Jack, and I'm glad to have you with us, as long as your mother does not object."

The boy did not reply, and Dick continued:

"Come, and I will introduce you to the Liberty Boys. Then we must find you a uniform and a horse, so that you can be one of us at once, and swear you in."

Dick took the youth and introduced him to the Liberty Boys, who all gave him a hearty welcome to their ranks. He then took the oath of allegiance.

"He isn't very big," said Mark Morrison, "but he looks healthy enough."

There were many comments made, but they were all, in the main, in the youth's favor.

When he had his uniform on and rode off with Dick, Bob, and a dozen others on a little reconnoitering expedition every one said that he looked every inch a soldier, and they were all very proud of him.

They were dashing along the road when suddenly, from a bit of rising ground, Dick saw a party of redcoats approaching.

The youth did not know how large a party it was, but he determined to give them a fight, just the same.

"Forward, Liberty Boys!" he cried. "Fire when I give the word!"

Down the hill swept the brave youths, as if to annihilate the redcoats.

"Fire!" cried Dick.

A rattling volley was sent among the enemy, and two or three wavered in their saddles.

Then there came the word to charge from the British, and at the same moment shots were fired.

Dick saw that a second and much larger body was coming. He quickly wheeled his troops and dashed off up the hill at full speed.

Jack turned in his saddle, and fired a parting shot as he sped away with the rest.

"Shure, an' it's a foine bhy we have," said Patsy. "Dhat's dhe koind to dhrive dhe Britishers out, begorrah."

"Yah, I bet me off we was had fife or six hundert lige dot we do somedings more alretty," added Carl.

"Well, Jack Warren," said Bob, slapping the new recruit on the back when they were once more in camp, "you've had your first task of fighting, even if it was only a little bit. How did you like it?"

"Oh, that was scarcely a skirmish," said Jack, coloring. "Wait till we have a big fight."

Jack went to his tent and did not appear again for some time.

"I guess he'll stand it all right," said Bob Mastabrook. "He has courage enough, but it's all new to him. Wait till he's been a month or two with us, and has seer some big fights, and he'll be as reckless as any one."

"He'll probably see some big fighting in less than a month, Bob," said Dick. "A day or so will see it if I am not much mistaken."

"True," agreed Bob; "but I don't think he would run if we had it to-day."

"Yes, he's a brave fellow. I saw that the first time I met him. Everything is new now, of course, and you couldn't expect him to be a hardened veteran at the first fire."

On the whole, therefore, the new recruit had made a most favorable impression, and all were ready to take his hand.

He remained secluded for the greater part of the day, however, and did not come out till nearly dusk.

He sat at the campfire with others, but kept somewhat apart, speaking when addressed, but taking little part in the conversation.

He laughed at the comical speeches of Patsy and Carl, with the rest, and when Dick called for pickets was among the first to respond.

"He's a bit shy, even for a farmer boy," said Tom Hunter to Ben Brand, "but he's a nice-looking chap, and he has grit, and he'll soon get used to things."

Dick saw him at guard relief and said:

"Well, Jack, getting used to war yet? It's a little harder than farming, isn't it?"

"I am not making any complaints," was the other's answer, and then he went to his tent.

CHAPTER IV.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

The next morning when Dick came out he saw Moll Pitcher sitting on a gun carriage talking to her husband.

"Good-morning, Captain Molly," he said, with a smile.

"Good-morning, sir."

"It's a warm day."

"It'll be hotter, I'm thinking."

"Maybe not to-day, Molly."

"Well, perhaps not. It depends on the general, I suppose."

The gunner patted his gun and said:

"Well, she'll be likely to speak before long, sir, and she speaks loud and strong."

"And the language she uses is that bad, sir, that I have to wash her mouth out every time she speaks," said the gunner's wife, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Which are you proudest of, Pitcher, your wife or your gun?" asked Dick, with a smile.

"Well, they're both a deal of trouble," said the gunner, with ready wit. "but I must admit they're both faithful, and I love them both."

"Look at that now!" cried Molly. "You can never get a straight answer from an Irishman. There's one thing about us both, though. We never talk till we're ready, and then we talk to some purpose."

"Indeed you do," was the youth's reply. "I can speak for the gun, at any rate."

An orderly stepped up at that moment, and said:

"Captain Slater, the general wants that you shall go to him at once."

Dick followed the messenger, and in a few moments was in Washington's presence.

He saluted and said:

"Good-morning, your excellency. You sent for me?"

"Yes, Dick. I want that you shall take a letter to General Lee, who is with the advance. He may have something for you to do. If not, return immediately."

"I will do so, your excellency."

"It may be as well to take two or three of your Liberty Boys with you, Dick, but be as expeditious as you can, and attract as little attention as possible."

Dick took the letter the general gave him, put it carefully in his pocket, and bowed himself out.

He at once sought Bob, told him of his errand, and said: "I want that you shall go with me, Bob. What others shall I take?"

"Oh, take Mark or Ben or George, or Harry or Sam, or a dozen others. They are all good."

"Well, go and get Mark and the first one you see besides. There is really no choice between them."

Bob went out, and presently returned with Mark and Jack, the new recruit.

"Well, I took the first one I saw," said the youth, "and it was Jack."

"Let's be off, then," said Dick.

Then they set out, Dick and Bob riding ahead, and Mark and Jack following behind.

They maintained a good speed, and as the road was in fine condition, although the weather was hot, they got on rapidly.

There was little time for talk when they rode so fast, and Jack did not seem at all inclined to say anything.

They did not see any of the enemy, and the ride to General Lee's quarters was not an eventful one.

Dick delivered the letter of the general-in-chief to General Lee, who said:

"You are Captain Slater, I believe?"

"Yes, general."

"You came accompanied?"

"By my lieutenant and two of the Liberty Boys, sir."

"Wait without till I send for you."

Dick retired and joined his comrades.

"We must wait," he said.

Mark and Jack made no reply, but Bob grumbled something under his breath.

"It is likely that we shall have to do a little reconnoitering," said Dick, "and General Lee is considering it, no doubt."

After some time Dick was sent for and went back to the general's quarters.

"You are to ride ahead and ascertain the position of the enemy," the general said. "Be careful not to let them discover you. Then return here and I will send my answer to the general-in-chief."

Dick saluted and retired.

Jumping on Major's back, he said:

"Well, we must look for the enemy. I have been given no information as to where I shall look, but I think I know."

Then, followed by his three youths, he set off in the direction of Freehold.

For some miles they saw nothing to excite suspicion; then, crossing a bridge, they were pushing on when Dick said:

"Turn into the woods and make your horses lie down. There is some one coming."

Hardly had they secreted themselves, lying flat on the ground beside their horses, when quite a large troop of horse went galloping by.

"They must be reconnoitering," whispered Dick, "and will, no doubt, soon return. Bob, you and Mark remain here. Jack, come with me."

Dick crept through the tangle, followed closely by Jack. They presently came to a swamp, and here Dick arose and said:

"The main body must be beyond, but how far I cannot judge. We must make our way through the swamp till this troop we saw just now passes. Then we can take the road safely."

"Hark!" said Dick after a while, when they had passed the worst of the swamp. "Do you hear anything?"

"Yes; hoofbeats."

"Yonder is the road," said Dick. "The bushes here are not high enough to conceal us. We must stoop."

Jack obeyed, following close behind Dick.

"They are coming," he whispered.

The road took a sharp turn here, and passed within a short distance of the swamp, over a causeway.

Dick threw himself almost flat on the soft moss, and Jack lay beside him.

There were only a few wild whortleberry bushes to screen them, and at that instant the redcoats were seen returning.

They dashed around the bend of the road, over the causeway, along the level, and up a hill.

Dick and Jack had escaped notice by the merest chance, as it seemed.

If the redcoats had been going at a slower pace detection would have been inevitable.

"That was a close call, Jack," said Dick, half rising, and creeping forward where there were some scrub oaks. "If we had had red coats they would have seen us to a certainty."

"I would never wear a red coat, even if it meant safety," with great positiveness from Jack.

"I have done so, in the enemy's camp, and deemed it no disgrace, since I was on a good errand."

"I would sooner brave detection in our own uniform than put on a red coat."

"All is fair in war, you know," was Dick's reply. "A spy must do a good many things that he would not do otherwise."

They stole on through the woods, now better concealed from the road than before.

"Wait a moment," said Dick, going ahead on his hands and knees.

Jack dropped to the ground and kept his eyes on the spot where Dick had disappeared.

Presently he heard a noise, and then saw a man in British uniform cross a little opening, and steal after Dick, a pistol in his hand.

Disobeying orders, Jack stole noiselessly after Dick's pursuer till he presently saw Dick himself.

The redcoat raised his pistol and took aim, but that that moment Jack threw himself upon him, and bore him to the ground.

CHAPTER V.

DICK'S FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Aroused by the sound, Dick turned quickly.

He saw Jack Warren with his knees in the back of a redcoat, whose face was buried in the soft earth.

"Why, Jack!" he exclaimed.

"He would have fired in another instant," impressively from Jack.

"Then I am greatly obliged. I had not heard a sound."

"I was watching you and saw him. He must have been in the rear of the troop."

"The sound of his shot would have brought the others back."

"It would have done more," gravely.

"Yes, I fear that it might, Jack."

Then Dick turned the redcoat over, after securing his wrists and ankles.

The soldier's face was covered with moss and mud and he at once began to sputter and spit.

"That will do," said Dick. "Never mind clearing your throat. Why did you wish to shoot me?"

"Because you are a rebel!"

"How did you happen to know I was here?"

"I was following in the rear of our party when I saw you stepping through the bushes and knew you to be a spy."

"And you followed?"

"Yes, and would have popped you in another moment if——"

"If I had not had a friend who was watching you as closely as you were watching me. Had you had company now it would have been different."

"Why, one Britisher is a match for any six Yankees if they'll only stand up and fight," boastfully.

"Then you think that the boy took a mean advantage of you, do you?" with a quizzical look.

"The boy! There were a dozen jumped upon me. Otherwise I would have——"

"Otherwise you are a great boaster," said Dick. "It was simply diamond cut diamond. You would have shot me in the back——"

"But I jumped on his back," said Jack.

"Now," said Dick, "where is Sir Henry's main body?"

"I won't tell you."

The youth seized the soldier's neckcloth and began to twist it.

Becoming frightened, he replied:

"Advancing upon the courthouse."

"Monmouth?"

"I suppose so."

"And this party of yours?"

"Was sent out to reconnoiter."

"Where is your horse?"

"At the roadside."

"Very good! Jack, take the road and hurry back. Then bring up the others."

Jack was off like a flash, jumping on the redcoat's horse to save time.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the helpless redcoat.

"Keep you from doing any mischief for the present."

"Where are the Yankees?"

"You will see that in time."

"I mean the dozen or two you had to catch me."

"You foolish fellow," laughed Dick. "You thought nothing of taking me at a disadvantage, but now you complain of being overwhelmed by a superior force. Well, the boy who just left was the only one."

"It took more than that boy to get the best of me," boastfully.

"All I did was to give him a little assistance, but he could have held you there with his knees in the small of your back and your nose in the mud for an indefinite period."

The redcoat began to talk slightly, even insultingly, of the Americans.

Dick silenced him.

"Another word and I'll gag you," he said,

The redcoat subsided.

"I could turn and abuse you and the whole British army," said Dick, "but that is not the way I fight."

Jack presently returned with Bob and Mark, riding on his own horse and leading the captured redcoat's animal.

Dick and Bob lifted the prisoner onto his horse, first untying his ankles, and then bound them again.

Mark took the bridle and led the horse and then they all set off toward General Lee's camp.

The redcoat was greatly chagrined at being captured by a slight youth like Jack Warren and could not conceal it.

He insisted that there had been more and that they had gone away, and really tried to persuade himself that such was the case.

"You're a fool!" said Mark, after listening to his vapors for some time. "The boy got the best of you, and you are not man enough to admit it."

"Yes," added Bob, "and if you don't keep still I'll put mud in your mouth and stop your senseless talk."

The redcoat said no more after that, and Mark and Bob let him alone.

"Our new recruit is doing nobly, eh?" said Bob to Mark, Jack riding beside Dick.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mark.

"He's quick, if he isn't strong, and that counts for a great deal."

"True."

"And, from what Dick tells me, is devoted heart and soul to the cause."

"Good!"

When more than half way back to the camp they met a party of farm laborers with scythes, rakes and pitchforks.

"Hello! What you got there?" asked one. "That's a Britisher, isn't it?"

"Yes; he is our prisoner."

"What you going to do with him?"

"Take him to camp."

"Well, you just turn him over to us," said the man, who carried a pitchfork.

"Why?" quietly.

"Waal, I had a brother bayoneted by the Hessians up at Fort Washington, and I want to show this feller what it's like."

"He had nothing to do with your brother."

"Well, he's a redcoat, isn't he?"

"What if he is?"

Then a man with a scythe said:

"Let us have him. The redcoats killed my son and I'm going to have revenge. He cut his legs off."

"You will do nothing of the sort. This man is our prisoner."

"Aren't you Americans?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you fighting the Britishers?"

"Yes."

"And don't they butcher our men when they get 'em?"

"Some do, I have no doubt, but are we butchers?"

"I'm going to prod this fellow with a pitchfork just to show——"

"And I'm going to cut off——"

Dick leveled his pistol at the crowd.

Bob, Mark and Jack did the same.

"Stand back!" cried Dick. "I will shoot the first man who raises his hand to strike!"

The laborers retreated a few paces.

Then Dick gave the order to go on at full speed.

The laborers chased them, but were soon distanced and gave up the pursuit.

"Now maybe you will abuse the Yankees for having saved your life," said Bob impetuously.

The prisoner said nothing.

"Well, we didn't expect to be thanked for only doing what was right," said Mark.

"No, but he needn't abuse us," added Bob.

They reached the camp without further incident and Dick turned his prisoner over to the guard.

Then he reported what he had learned to the general.

"You may return to the main body," Lee said.

"You have no message to send?"

"No."

"Then I may leave at once?"

"Yes."

Dick saluted and withdrew.

He found the youths and said:

"We are going back at once."

Then they all sprang into their saddles and rode away, leaving the prisoner's horse behind.

They reached camp in due time and Dick reported at once to the commander.

"You have done well, Dick," said the general kindly. "You and your Liberty Boys are humane as well as brave."

"I have never heard that it was a part of a soldier's duty, your excellency," said Dick, "to murder a prisoner of allow others to do so."

"It is not, Dick," said the general, "and you did right in protecting this man. You would have been a disgrace to the army and to your country had you done otherwise than as you did."

"And you have no other commands, your excellency?" asked Dick.

"None at present. Remain at hand in case I want you, Dick."

"I will do so, sir," and the youth withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

A WOMAN'S WISDOM.

At sunset that night Washington rode off to reconnoiter the enemy's position.

Clinton was encamped on high ground near Monmouth Courthouse, his position being too strong a one to be attacked with success.

It was protected by woods and morasses, but there was a still better position ten or twelve miles further on the heights of Middletown.

To prevent Sir Henry's reaching this point the general-in-chief resolved to attack him in the morning as soon as his front was in motion.

This plan he communicated to General Lee and his officers and then rode back to the main body.

Lee's troops were to be kept lying upon their arms, ready for action on the shortest notice.

Washington gave the same orders to his own troops and they were obeyed.

Dick Slater had been out with dispatches and came back just before the general set out.

He had been talking with Jack, who had gone to his tent when Moll Pitcher came up.

"Who was that?" asked the gunner's wife, with a slight laugh.

"The youth who just left, Captain Moll?" was Dick's answer.

"Yes."

"Why, that's Jack Warren?"

"Then Jack is a girl's name, captain, for she is one."

"Impossible! Why, I saw Jack two or three days ago, and he spoke of joining the Liberty Boys then."

"And why didn't he?"

"His mother has an older son in the army and could not spare two. The father is disabled."

"So you saw Jack Warren?"

"Yes. I was at their house to supper. He gave information of Lee's movements."

The gunner's wife pondered a moment.

"Has your Jack Warren any sisters?" she asked.

"Jove! I never thought of that."

Moll Pitcher laughed.

"Oh, then, he has?"

"Yes, a twin sister and a very brave girl she is, too."

"Trust my woman's wit, captain," laughed the gunner's wife.

"But he has been with me all day and once he saved my life."

"She, you mean," with a dry laugh.

"But, Moll, it seems incredible that I should be deceived."

"You were not thinking of it. Do they look alike?"

"Yes."

"The same build?"

"Why, no, I suppose not, but——"

"She's a patriot; her brother cannot go to the war, and she has taken his place. Ask her, captain."

"But they would not let her. Jack told me himself that his mother knew of his going away. They would not let a young girl do a thing like this."

"If they knew it," said the woman.

"Then she has gone away without their consent?"

"And with a suit of her brother's clothes. She's had her hair cut short or has cut it herself and passes for her brother."

"I can scarcely believe it. She rides like a boy, can shoot and has no end of courage."

"And why not, captain, dear? Aren't the patriot mothers and daughters brave?"

"Sure," said Dick.

"And farmers' daughters ride astride as well as the boys, and shoot, too?"

"Yes, of course, but——"

"What's the girl's name?"

"Dorothy."

"Then it's not Jack Warren at all, but Dorothy, who is your new recruit," and Molly laughed merrily.

"Well, she's a brave girl, but I cannot permit this. It is lucky that I knew of it before to-morrow. I would not have had her go into action for worlds. Suppose she should be killed?"

"That's what we must all expect," said the gunner's wife gravely.

Dick was fairly nonplused.

He had never dreamed of such a contingency.

Of course, he must see Dorothy and send her home at once.

Hastening to Bob's tent, he said to the youth:

"Bob, our new recruit is a young girl."

Bob whistled.

"Jove! but that's strange. Not one of us suspected it."

"I never dreamed of it myself."

"But what will you do, Dick?"

"The risk is too great for her to remain in camp. We are on the very eve of a battle. Think what might happen."

"True."

"I could never forgive myself if she were killed."

"Nor could any of us."

"She is a brave, noble girl, but she must not remain here."

"You have not told her?"

"No."

"Jove! but it's not going to be an easy matter to do so."

"Very true, Bob."

"Of course, it has to be gotten over in some way?"

"Yes."

Dick walked away and strolled between the tents in an assumed air of carelessness.

Presently he called out:

"Jack Warren!"

"Yes," said the pretended Jack, coming out of one of the tents.

"Come with me, Jack. I've a matter of importance to talk about."

The so-called Jack joined Dick, and they walked away in silence.

When beyond the line of tents Dick suddenly said:

"Dorothy Warren, why are you masquerading in your brother's name?"

The girl, for such she was, started violently and then fell upon Dick's neck.

"I wanted to do something for the cause," she said, brokenly. "Jack could not go and so I took his place."

"With his knowledge?"

"No, without it."

"You said your mother knew of your going?" with gentle reproof.

"She knows of it now. I left a letter for her. Oh, Dick! I wanted to help, and I was sure you would be deceived, Jack and I are so much alike."

"I was deceived. So were all the Liberty Boys. Moll Pitcher was not."

"Yes; I feared her, and as soon as I saw her I kept out of her sight."

"But, Dorothy, my girl, you must not remain here. Think of your mother's agony. Did you tell her you were coming here?"

"No, I said that I was going with the army to serve my country."

"Jack may suspect," was the youth's thought, though he said nothing.

Then in a moment he said:

"The gunner's wife will take care of you. She is a kind-hearted woman."

"But I wanted so much to do something for my country, Dick."

"There are many ways in which you can do so, besides on the field."

"And you are going to send me back?"

"We must. It is too dangerous here."

"You did not think it too dangerous when you thought I was Jack."

"That is different."

"It is just as dangerous for him."

"But he is a boy, Dorothy."

"I can do everything that Jack can."

"That is unusual."

Dorothy said nothing for a time and then began to laugh.

"Well, I deceived you all and I did some good at any rate."

"Yes, you saved my life," gravely. "I shall always remember that."

At that moment a soldier came up and said:

"There is a young boy inquiring for you, Captain Slater. He says his name is Jack Warren."

"Jack here!" cried Dorothy.

"Let him come in," said Dick.

In a few moments Jack appeared.

"Dorothy has run away, Dick, and we think that you may have——"

"Here she is," said Dick. "She is one of the Liberty Boys, or has been."

Jack laughed.

"Well, Dor., you got ahead of me," he said. "You look fine, but——"

"But your mother wants her at home, Jack?"

"Yes. I never thought she would come here, but I did think that possibly you might come across her."

"Shall you go home to-night?"

"Yes."

"I should have liked to have seen a battle," said Dorothy; "but——"

"But you must go home to your mother," said Dick.

CHAPTER VII.

ALMOST A DEFEAT.

Dorothy resumed the suit of clothes which she had worn when she first entered the camp.

She wanted to retain the uniform, but Jack laughed her out of it.

The story had got around among the Liberty Boys that Jack was not Jack, but Dorothy, and was going to leave them.

Bob, Mark, Harry, George, Ben and one or two others came along.

"Good-by, Miss Dorothy," said Bob. "I am sorry you are not Jack, for we all had grown very fond of you."

"I'd like to stay and take her place," said Jack, "but I promised mother I wouldn't."

"Your sister is a very handsome boy," said Mark, "and has lots of grit."

"Oh, that's all right," proudly, "but she shouldn't have run away."

"I don't think your mother will scold her very hard," said one of the youths, called Will Freeman, "seeing that she gets home all right."

"No, she won't, but what I am thinking of is that she had the fun that I might have had."

"Well, we were all greatly attached to her," said Will, "and I hope we'll see her again."

"Thank you," said Dorothy, for she had taken quite a liking to Will herself.

Jack and Dorothy now took their leave, taking the best wishes of all the Liberty Boys with them.

Before midnight Dick was sent off to General Lee with dispatches.

Lee was to detach six or seven hundred men to lie near the enemy to watch and give notice of their movements.

They were also to hold them in check when on the march until the rest of the troops could come up.

This duty was assigned to General Dickinson.

After delivering his despatches Dick rode back to the main body.

"Well, I am glad Dorothy went home," he said to Bob when he arrived.

"Yes, it would have been awkward."

"There's sure to be a battle to-morrow, and I would not have known what to do with the girl."

"Oh, she would probably have taken care of herself."

"No doubt, but I would have been worried, knowing who she was."

"Very true, and it is better as it is."

"I shall be glad to see Jack again, for he is the right sort of a boy."

"Yes; he wants to fight, but will respect his mother's wishes."

"All boys should."

"Dorothy simply acted from impulse, but she is a good girl."

"Yes, and brave."

"I think one of the Liberty Boys will be glad to see her again."

"You mean Will?"

"Yes."

"No doubt."

Then Dick and Bob retired, ready to arouse at the slightest notice.

Early the next morning an order was received from General Dickinson.

The enemy were in motion.

Orders were at once sent to General Lee to push forward and attack them.

Washington at once set forward with his own troops and the Liberty Boys to support him.

Blankets and knapsacks were thrown aside, so that nothing should impede their movements.

Dick and a score of the Liberty Boys rode ahead with the general.

The booming of cannon at a distance showed him that the attack had begun.

He quickened his march at once and sent a part of his forces to the right, at Freehold Church, taking the other road himself.

After giving his orders, he was standing with his cloak thrown over his arm, Dick and the Liberty Boys being near.

Suddenly a countryman dashed up on horseback and cried: "The Continental troops are retreating."

"What say you?" asked the general sharply.

The countryman repeated his words.

"It is a false alarm," cried the general.

Just then a fifer came hurrying up, almost breathless with fright.

The countryman pointed to the fifer as his authority for the report.

The fifer was ordered into custody at once to prevent his spreading the alarm.

Furthermore he was threatened with a flogging if he repeated his story.

Then Washington moved forward, Dick and a few others accompanying him.

Other fugitives came hurrying up.

One was a soldier.

They all gave the same report.

The general sent Colonels Fitzgerald and Harrison forward to learn the truth.

He himself galloped past the church, Dick with him.

Between the church and a swamp he met two regiments in disorderly retreat.

"Are all the advanced corps retreating?" Dick heard him ask.

"Yes, I believe so, sir," was the reply of one of the officers.

The news seemed incredible.

General Lee had sent no notice of the retreat and the commander was still inclined to doubt it.

Then other regiments came up.

"What is the meaning of this retreat?" asked Washington of a lieutenant.

"I do not know, sir," was the reply. "I am simply obeying orders."

"Take your men over the swamp to the hill and refresh them," said the general.

Then he galloped forward to prevent further retreat, Dick and a few of the Liberty Boys being with him.

Other regiments were met.

In the rear of one was a major.

"What means this retreat?"

"I don't know, your excellency. I never saw anything like it."

"We are turning away from a shadow," was the reply of another.

The general-in-chief dashed on.

Reaching a rising ground, he saw General Lee approaching with the remainder of his command.

The general was completely exasperated and scarcely able to control himself.

Dick Slater never remembered to have seen him in such a passion before.

The calm, kind, fatherly commander-in-chief seemed to be utterly changed in manner, as well as in appearance.

He seemed most terrible in his aspect, and Dick, who saw it, could scarcely realize it.

Then General Lee rode up to him, and Dick saw that the storm was about to break.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIDE TURNED.

"What is the meaning of all this, sir?" demanded the general, in his sternest, fiercest tone, as Lee rode up.

Washington's aspect was terrible.

Lee was disconcerted and hesitated in replying.

"I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion," thundered General Washington.

General Lee made an angry retort and attempted a hurried explanation.

His troops had been thrown into confusion by contradictory intelligence, by disobedience of orders, by the meddling of individuals, and he had not felt disposed to stand against the entire British army with troops in such disorder.

"I have certain information," said Washington, "that it was merely a strong party."

"That may be," replied Lee, "but it was stronger than mine, and I did not think proper to run such a risk."

"I am very sorry," said the commander-in-chief, "that you undertook the command unless you meant to fight the enemy."

"I did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement," said Lee, smarting under the rebuke.

"Whatever your opinion may have been," said the commander-in-chief, "I expected my orders would have been obeyed."

There was little time for parleying.

The enemy was within a quarter of an hour's march.

The appearance of the general-in-chief had stopped the retreat.

The place was favorable for a stand, being on rising ground.

The only approach to it was over a narrow causeway.

The troops were quickly rallied and formed on the eminence.

Dick and the Liberty Boys were posted on a height, with two field pieces.

Then, to Dick's surprise, he saw that Moll Pitcher was with them.

She had just gone to a spring for a bucket of water.

"Good morning, Captain Molly," said Dick.

"Good morning, sir. Pretty hot work before us, sir?"

The heat was like that of July, and many of the troops were worn out with ceaseless marching and countermarching.

The general made all his arrangements with great despatch.

Having completed them, he rode back to Lee in calmer mood.

"Will you retain the command on this height?"

"It is immaterial to me where I command, sir," was the sour answer.

"I expect that you will take proper means for checking the enemy," said Washington, sternly.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," was Lee's reply. "I shall not be the first to leave the ground."

Colonels Stewart and Ramsey, with two batteries, were stationed in a covert of woods to the left, while Dick and the Liberty Boys were on the right.

Colonel Oswald, on another height, was ready to keep the enemy at bay.

A warm cannonade by Oswald, Stewart and Ramsey halted the enemy.

Then Dick, with his two guns, carried on the work.

Washington then rode back and brought up the main body.

The battle was soon raging.

Lee maintained his advanced position for some time, but was at length obliged to retire.

As he had said, he was the last to leave the ground.

He brought off his troops in good order across a causeway traversing a swamp in front of Lord Stirling.

Having formed his men in line beyond the swamp, he rode up to the general-in-chief.

"Here are my troops, sir," he said. "How shall I dispose of them?"

The commander, seeing the exhausted condition of the poor fellows, ordered Lee to repair to Englishtown and assemble all the fugitives he might meet.

Lord Stirling had opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, who tried to turn the American's left flanks, but were driven back.

They next attempted to turn the right flank, but were met by Generals Greene and Knox and were obliged to retreat.

General Wayne, with an advance party posted in an orchard, kept up a severe and well-directed fire and resisted many attempts to dislodge him.

Meanwhile Dick had maintained his position on the height and kept up a steady fire.

Moll Pitcher was kept busy going for water to the spring. She seemed to delight in the work and appeared to be perfectly tireless.

The enemy returned the fire, but could not dislodge the brave Liberty Boys.

Moll Pitcher had just returned from the spring with a bucket of water.

Dick was on horseback directing the fire.

A bit of flying shell laid the gunner low.

Dick ordered the gun removed.

Then Moll Pitcher sprang forward.

"Let me serve it, sir," she cried. "I can do it."

"All right!"

Then Moll fired the gun, amid cheers.

"Hurroo!" cried Patsy as the gun boomed forth. "Hurroo for Moll Pitcher an' owld Oirland!"

Cheers answered the rollicking young Irishman's shout.

Then Moll Pitcher swabbed out the gun and rammed home the charge.

She was as good a gunner as her dead husband had been.

Undaunted by flying shot and shell, she kept on at her work.

No one could be braver or more fearless than this woman. She seemed determined to avenge her husband's death and flinched at nothing.

Having loaded the gun, she awaited the word to fire.

Dick gave it.

Crash, roar!

The shot took effect upon a division of the enemy sallying forth to dislodge the Liberty Boys.

They fell back in great disorder.

"Hurroo!" cried Patsy again. "Dhat's dhe way to talk to dhim!"

A cheer answered him.

"Do I know how to serve a gun, sir?" asked the brave woman gunner.

"Indeed you do, Moll," was Dick's answer.

"And I may keep it up, sir?"

"Yes, as long as you can."

The brave woman gunner was absolutely tireless.

Amid smoke and fire, despite a rain of flying fragments, unheeding the roar and the crash and the shouts all around her, she fired the gun again and again.

Every time it spoke it was to some purpose, as Moll had said.

A camp follower kept her supplied with water from the spring.

She devoted all her energies to the gun and with good effect.

She rammed the charges home and she afterward directed the fire.

Nothing could daunt her.

With her hair flying and her red petticoat fluttering in the wind, she seemed like a modern Amazon, strong, brave and fearless.

The woman, who had fired the last gun at Fort Clinton, was not to be dismayed.

Her dead husband lay on the field, but her first duty was not to the dead, but to her country.

She could do nothing for him, while her country needed her and she bravely responded.

Time after time did the gun boom forth under her aim.

Every time a shot struck there was a roar and a cheer.

Moll Pitcher seemed to be a born gunner and none could have performed the work better.

She patted the black muzzle of the piece. She spoke to it

and every time it roared in answer it seemed as if one more blow had been struck to avenge her husband's death and secure the freedom of the American people.

And every shot was an avenging blow, for every one told.

The Liberty Boys and the brave woman gunner, Moll Pitcher, held their own against everything.

Pistol volleys, musketry and the roar of cannon voiced their determination to hold their position, and they held it, in spite of repeated attacks.

"Brave Captain Molly!" said Dick, feelingly.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

All day the battle raged.

The enemy at length gave way and fell back to the ground which Lee had occupied in the morning.

It was a difficult position to assail, but the commander determined to force it.

It had been a torrid day and the men were greatly in need of rest.

Before the general's orders could be carried out, however, the day came to a close.

Many of the soldiers had sunk upon the ground overcome by fatigue and the heat.

The troops which had been in advance were ordered to lie on their arms on the ground they occupied, so as to be ready to make the attack by daybreak.

The main army did the same on the field of action, to be at hand to support the advance guard.

Washington lay in his cloak at the foot of a tree, with Lafayette beside him, talking over the strange combat of Lee, whose disorderly retreat had come so near being fatal to the army.

The Liberty Boys remained in the position they had occupied so long and so well.

The body of the dead gunner had been removed and now Moll Pitcher stretched herself under the gun and went to sleep.

Dick ordered some one to throw a blanket over her and Patsy Brannigan obeyed.

"Shure, an' dhat's wan av dhe bravest girruls dhat iver was," he said, "an' av she'd been a man she cudn't have been anny braver, begorra."

Dick Slater, Bob Estabrook, Mark Morrison, Harry Judson, George Brewster and Will Freeman sat under a tree after dark.

"Well, it has been a good fight, after all," said Dick.

"Yes, but it came near to being a bad fight," was Mark's answer.

"That's all Lee's fault," said Bob. "It looks to me as if he wished us to be defeated."

"Well, we were not, at any rate," said Will.

"And to-morrow there will be another chance to show the British what we can do," was Harry's reply.

"It's a lucky thing that our new recruit was not with us," said George.

"Yes, but Jack would have been glad enough of the chance," answered Dick.

"It's a pity they hadn't both been boys," said Bob. "Then we would have been certain of one of them at all events."

"As long as we have the name of Jack Warren on our roll, why would it not be well to ask the real Jack to take the place?" asked Mark.

"I shall have to leave that to him," said Dick.

"I could go and ask him," suggested Will.

"And see Dorothy, you mean," laughed Bob, who had noticed the youth's liking for the supposed Jack Warren.

A general laugh greeted this sally, and Will made no more suggestions.

In a short time all was still in camp.

At daybreak the beating of the drums aroused the sleeping soldiers.

The troops awoke and prepared for action.

To the surprise of every one, the enemy had nearly all disappeared.

There was a camp in which were found four officers and forty privates.

These were too severely wounded to be carried away by the retreating army.

"Sir Henry must have allowed his men but little rest," said Dick.

"No," was Bob's answer. "He must have made an early start."

So it appeared.

One of the officers reported that the British commander had pushed forward at ten o'clock to join Knyphausen, who had retreated with the baggage train during the action.

His retreat had been so silent, moreover, that nothing was heard of it by General Poor's advance party close by.

"Well, the enemy has given us the slip," said Bob.

"Yes, and it will be useless to follow," was Dick's answer.

"They must be far away by this time."

"Quite so, and then the roads are bad and the weather hot."

"You do not think that the general will pursue Sir Henry now?"

"I do not think so."

The youth was right.

Everything considered, the commander-in-chief did not think it wise to attempt to prevent the enemy from embarking.

What he decided to do was to send a couple of brigades to hang upon the rear of the enemy to prevent depredations and encourage desertions.

Then, with the main body he meant to shape his own course by Brunswick toward the Hudson, in case General Clinton should have any designs upon the posts on the river.

The enemy's loss had been much greater than that of the Americans, many good officers having perished.

Washington had heard of the brave conduct of the gunner's wife from Dick, as well as from others.

He determined, therefore, to reward her in some manner to show his appreciation of her bravery.

Riding up to where the Liberty Boys were stationed, he called Moll Pitcher.

The gunner's wife came forward.

"Captain Molly," he said, "I have heard of your bravery and wish to reward it."

"I have always done my duty, general, and that's reward enough," was the reply of the brave woman gunner.

"You have been called Captain Moll, I believe?"

"I have, general."

"I cannot make you a captain, Molly," said the general, "but I will make you a sergeant, with full pay, and give you a commission."

"Hurrah!" cried Patsy, unable to curb his natural exuberance.

"Thank you kindly, general," Moll Pitcher replied.

She was made a sergeant, therefore, by Washington himself and always held the rank.

She was not going to leave the army at once, however, and would remain with the Liberty Boys a while longer.

Dick was ordered to remain in the vicinity of Monmouth for a time and then join the main body.

This suited the Liberty Boys, and especially Will Freeman.

The youth thought he might see Dorothy Warren and was, therefore, anxious to remain.

Moll Pitcher was quite satisfied to be with the Liberty Boys.

She admired Dick greatly and felt that to him she owed the honors conferred upon her.

Of course, her own bravery had had all to do with this.

She would take none of the credit from Dick, however.

He had allowed her to serve the gun after the death of her husband and thereby given her an opportunity to display her bravery.

"Well, Molly," said Dick, "so you will stay with the Liberty Boys for a time?"

"Yes, sir, and glad I am to do it."

CHAPTER X.

CHASING A TORY GANG.

It was hot weather, the roads were bad, and the Liberty Boys were greatly fatigued by the battle.

There was no great need of haste and Dick was in no hurry to march.

Hearing that certain Tories in the neighborhood were committing depredations and annoying the farmers, Dick determined to put a stop to it.

Taking Mark, Will, Harry and half a dozen others of the youths, Dick started toward Allentown.

A few miles away he came to a farmhouse.

Dismounting and walking up to the door, he asked:

"Have you been bothered any by a band of Tories who are said to be committing depredations in the neighborhood?"

"They haven't bothered me any," was the farmer's reply, "but they burned a hay-rick of one of my neighbors last night."

"Why have they not annoyed you?" asked Dick.

"I guess they didn't like the idea of my peppering them with buckshot."

"Then you threatened to shoot if they annoyed you?"

"I did just that."

Dick laughed.

"And serve them right, too," he said. "Who is this neighbor of yours?"

"Jared Saunders, down the road half a mile."

"Well, if they annoy you, just carry out your threat."

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Good-day, sir."

"Good-day to you, and I hope you'll catch the scoundrels."

Then Dick rode away.

At the home of Farmer Saunders he heard that the Tories had gone to the southward.

"Did they do anything except burn your hay-rick?" asked Dick.

"Well, they tried to run off with some pigs, but I shot at them."

"Have you heard of their doing any more mischief below?"

"Yes, Eli Tompkins lost an ox. They just killed it. If they'd run off with the critter, there'd have been some chance of his getting it back."

"Where does Eli Tompkins live?"

"About three-quarters of a mile down the road and then back a quarter of a mile west."

"If you hear any more of them just report it at our camp, will you?"

"Yes. So you're soldiers, are you?"

"Yes, we are some of the Liberty Boys."

"Have any fighting the other day?"

"Yes, some," with a smile.

Dick was not a youth to boast and always gave the most modest accounts of any affair in which he and the Liberty Boys took part.

"Well, I hope you'll catch the rascals. They're a pest to the country hereabouts for miles."

"By the way, have they a leader?" asked Dick, as he was turning to go.

"Waal, Zeke Higginson is the worst of the lot, and so I suppose he might be said to be the head of 'em."

"Very well, I will remember it."

From Mr. Tompkins Dick learned that the miscreants had gone south, but that he had not heard that day of any further offenses committed by the gang.

"Who leads these scoundrels?" the youth asked.

"Well, there's Zeke Higginson and Cy Wardell, they're about the worst of the lot," answered the farmer, "but they're all pretty bad."

"How many of the wretches are there, Mr. Tompkins?"

"Well, there's quite some o' them, more'n a dozen, I should say."

"Do they live hereabouts?"

"Some of them does and some of them doesn't. Most of them has lived in jail part of the time."

Leaving this place, Dick and the Liberty Boys rode still farther, and at a distance of a couple of miles inquired again.

The trail was getting warmer now, for Dick learned that only that morning the gang had robbed and beaten an old man, had set fire to a corn crib and had stolen a dozen fowls before they had been driven off.

Here he learned more particulars concerning Higginson and Wardell and was given a pretty good description of the miscreants.

Then he rode on, hearing that the ruffians had not been gone more than a couple of hours.

"We are on the trail of the scoundrels now," he said to the youths, "and I hope that we shall come up with them soon."

"How many did they say there were?" asked Mark.

"About a dozen."

"That's nothing. Our ten Liberty Boys will handle twice that number of scoundrels like these."

Two hours later Dick heard that the gang had passed that way an hour before, having stopped at a tavern a short distance back for some time.

"If they make many more stops like this we'll soon catch up with them," said Dick.

"And when we do," said Will, "we'll settle with them."

At noon the Liberty Boys stopped at an inn kept by a respectable Hollander, who was very wroth at the men of whom Dick was in pursuit.

"I yoost hope you will ketch dem feelers, yentlemen," he said. "Dey ead and trink and nefer pay noding, and say I could get it when dere was two Sundays by der week. I yoost dakes my gun and den dey yumps der door out and runs away."

"We hope to put a stop to the depredations of these scoundrels before long."

"Yah, und I yoost hope you put dem in der pillory and gife dem a goot vipping. Dat was yoost vat dey deserfe."

"Some of them may get more than that," meaningly.

The landlord would not take pay for the entertainment of the Liberty Boys when he learned their errand.

The youths thanked him and rode off, being sure of overtaking the villains before long.

It was about four o'clock of a hot June day when, as they were passing the end of a country lane, they heard screams.

Then a boy came running down the lane, swung the gate wide open, and cried:

"Say, if you're soldiers, go up to the house quick. There's a lot of—"

"Forward, Liberty Boys!" ordered Dick, wheeling in an instant.

Then up the lane dashed the ten youths, seeing a house at the distance of a hundred yards through the trees.

Reaching the front door yard, they quickly dismounted and sprang toward the house, seizing their pistols as they ran.

Then screams were heard again.

At the next moment a young girl came running out, pursued by a rough-looking man.

"You'll give me a kiss or—"

Then he saw the Liberty Boys and sprang inside the house.

Dick would have fired except for the danger of wounding some of the inmates.

"Forward!" he shouted as he dashed up the steps and inside.

The scoundrels had taken the alarm.

Those in the house quickly sprang out of the rear windows or ran out at the doors.

There were several in the orchard back of the house, and these now made off in hot haste.

Harry and Will ran around the side of the house and fired at two men they saw making off with some fowls, and Dick sent a shot at another from the back door. But they missed.

Then Mark and two others came through the house and joined Dick.

They pursued the ruffians through the orchard and saw them making for a piece of woods not far distant.

"They are safe there," said Dick, "and it is not likely they will either stay there or return."

If any of the wretches had been hit, their comrades had carried them away, so that it was impossible to tell how much, if any, damage had been done by the youths.

"We have simply frightened them away," said Dick, "and I wanted that we should capture some of them at least."

Returning to the farmhouse, Dick learned that the miscreants had but a short time before come across the fields.

"My boy saw you coming down the road from the attic," said the woman of the house, there being no man about, "and hurried down to give the alarm."

"I wish we had arrived sooner," said Dick. "Still, we have driven the rascals away, and that is something."

The youths then followed the main road, but at nightfall had neither seen nor heard anything of Higginson and his gang.

They put up at three or four farmhouses and early the next morning set out again in pursuit of the gang, whom they hoped to overhaul shortly.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FARMER'S FAMILY IN DANGER.

Jack Warren and Dorothy, his twin sister, had arrived home.

The girl's mother was not disposed to chide her, knowing that her new prank had been the outgrowth of an intense patriotism.

Jack had pretended to scold her for having usurped his place, but the boy was really proud of his sister and only wished that he had gone through the adventures that she had.

"It was mean of you, Dot," he said, "to take away a fellow's chances like that, when you know I would give anything to be one of the brave Liberty Boys."

"It was too bad that Moll Pitcher was there," said Dorothy. "No one else suspected me, and I could have done something brave."

"Well, most girls would have fainted at the sound of a pistol," said Jack, "so you did something, after all."

But Dorothy was not satisfied.

She was disappointed at not being allowed to remain and do something great, as she said.

"I had no idea the child meant to be a soldier," said her mother.

"What else would she do?" asked the farmer.

"Be a nurse, of course."

"When I found my best suit gone I knew well enough what she meant to do," laughed Jack.

Reports came of the battle of Monmouth and Dorothy's disappointment was keener than ever.

"I might have been there if you had not found me," she said to her brother.

"Yes, and I might not have found you alive afterwards," was Jack's answer.

"You don't think Will is killed, do you?" paling.

"Who's Will?"

"Oh, he's one of the Liberty Boys. Will and Mark and Ben and Harry and all of them, I mean."

Jack laughed.

"I guess you wanted to stay for more than just the glory of it," he said.

"You're real mean, Jack Warren," said Dorothy, blushing.

"Well, never mind, Dot," said Jack. "The Liberty Boys might be in this neighborhood again, and then you can see Will and Mark and Harry and all the rest, especially Will."

"There's no 'especially Will' about it," said Dorothy, with a snap.

Jack knew better and laughed.

Two or three days later the old grandfather was sitting on the shaded porch, Dorothy was picking some flowers in the garden, Jack was weeding back of the house and Mrs. Warren was busy in the kitchen.

The farmer, being unable to do much work, had gone in to take a rest.

Suddenly shouts were heard and a party of a dozen or so of rough-looking men came along the road.

They came up the path, and Dorothy, taking alarm, ran toward the house.

"Go in, grandfather," she said. "I am afraid there will be trouble."

"What about?"

"These men. I don't like their looks."

One of the men came hurrying forward and said:

"Here, what's your hurry? Let's have a look at you!"

"Jack!" cried the girl. "Mother, come quick!"

"What do you want?" asked the old man, rising.

"Get out of the way, you old fool," said the man, attempting to pass.

The grandfather put out his cane and stopped the intruder.

Meanwhile the others were hurrying forward.

"Jack!" cried Dorothy, running in. "Mother, father, come quick!"

The farmer went to the door on his crutch.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

"Stand aside, you rebel. We want the best there is in the house."

Warren struck at the speaker with his crutch.

"The best I have for you is a beating!" he cried.

The grandfather was pushed aside and thrown down.

Then Mrs. Warren came hurriedly to the door.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Dorothy, meanwhile, had run through to the garden.

"There's a lot of bad-looking men in front of the house," she cried, "and I'm afraid that they're come to rob us. Don't you know that we heard something—"

Jack ran with his hoe in his hand around the side of the house.

He saw his father and mother parleying with a lot of evil-looking fellows.

"Put out the best you've got and do it quick," said one. "Then if we don't burn your barns and run off with your cows and horses you'll be lucky."

Jack ran forward, hoe in hand.

"Get out of here, you ruffians!" he cried. "Is that the way to ask for anything?"

Two of the men turned.

"Don't be saucy, boy," growled one. "We'll ask any way we like and will get it, too."

"Get out, I tell you!" cried Jack, raising his hoe.

At the same moment Dorothy came to the door with a couple of pistols.

One of the men sprang at Jack to get the hoe away from the brave youth.

Jack struck him with it and cut open his cheek.

Another got a bad blow on the shoulder.

"Clear out!" cried Dorothy, "or I'll shoot some of you."

Four or five of the ruffians made a combined rush at Jack.

He swung his hoe right around and bowled over the lot of them.

Then he sprang up the steps.

"Give me the pistols, Dot," he said. "I'll soon show these scoundrels what a patriot boy can do."

"Look out for the young rebel!" warned one of the men, beating a hasty retreat.

"Lock the doors!" cried Jack.

Mrs. Warren helped the grandfather in and the farmer followed with Dorothy.

The men now advanced a second time, several of them having pistols.

Jack leveled his own weapons and cried bravely:

"Keep back, or I'll shoot!"

"Two can play at that game," growlingly, from the leader.

"Get in at the back and take him on both sides," said another.

The rear doors were locked, however, by this time.

Jack retreated, but shoved his pistol out of a side window and fired.

One of the miscreants got a bullet in his arm.

They attacked the house, front and back, but could not get in.

Then Jack fired again and Dorothy reloaded the pistols.

The besiegers smashed one or two window panes and one tried to beat down the front door with an ax.

Jack fired at him through the keyhole and put a shot in his leg.

The man howled and then the attack was renewed with greater ferocity.

Dorothy got a pail of hot water and emptied it out of the kitchen window on the heads of two or three of the intruders.

Then the grandfather got an old musket and fired it among the crowd, wounding one of them.

The scoundrels were getting a warmer reception than they had expected.

Unable to get into the house, they proceeded to pull up the vegetables in the garden and some of them set fire to the trellis work of the porch.

Then half a dozen ran around to the barn to let the horses loose.

Jack, from an upper window, hit one of the scoundrels in the arm.

The old grandfather had just struck another.

Then all the villains rushed to the front to make a combined attack there.

One of them had begun to demolish the door, when Dorothy said in an excited whisper:

"Jack, oh, Jack, the Liberty Boys are coming!"

CHAPTER XII.

JACK TAKES HIS OWN PLACE.

Dorothy had spoken truly.

The Liberty Boys, or ten of them at least, were coming.

Dick, hearing shots, had urged the youths forward.

Then he saw a crowd of men in front of a farmhouse. "Jove! it's the Warren's!" he cried. "Forward, Liberty Boys!"

"Jack's house?" cried Will.

"Yes, and Dorothy's," laughed Harry.

With ringing shouts, the ten youths dashed forward.

The gang of Tories, with Zeke Higginson and Cy Wardell in the lead, were making the second attack in front.

"Fire!" cried Dick.

A rattling volley answered him.

Three or four of the Tories staggered and fell.

The rest took to their heels in every direction.

Another volley flew after them and two or three were seen to stagger and then fall, creeping away on their hands and knees.

Some had been badly hurt and were taken, but seven or eight of them escaped, among them the two leaders.

Jack threw open the door and gave Dick and the rest the warmest kind of welcome.

"You came in good time," he said. "How do you happen to be down in these parts?"

"We have been chasing these scoundrels for a day and a half and have just come up with them."

"Well, it's lucky you did, for I don't know if we could have held out any longer."

"They won't come back, that is certain," said Dick.

"No, for you seem to have put three or four of them in a bad fix. What'll you do with 'em?"

"We ought to hang 'em, but will hand them over to the authorities."

The wounded men were bound and locked in an outhouse, while Mark and Harry rode off to fetch the constables.

The Liberty Boys received a most cordial invitation to come in and take dinner and Dick accepted.

Will and Dorothy were speedily engaged in conversation and seemed oblivious of every one but themselves.

The farmer thanked Dick heartily for what he had done, and said:

"You had one of my children in your midst a while ago, and I think another one would be glad to be with you."

"Has he said so?"

"No; because he knows his mother's objection. Jack is a good son."

"I shall be glad to have him if Mrs. Warren consents, but of course I do not wish to persuade her against her will."

"No, of course not. I know you would not do that."

"Jack's name is on our roll, you know, and I don't want to cross it off."

"Well, I am of the opinion that mother's objections are not as strong as they were. You have many boys of Jack's age among your number?"

"Yes, and even younger. It would not be the same as if he were in a company of men."

"Very true."

Later, while they were at dinner, Mark and Harry having returned with the constables, the farmer asked:

"Jack, my son, would you like to join the Liberty Boys?"

Jack nearly fell out of his chair with surprise.

"Would I?" he cried. "May I? That's the particular point."

"Ask your mother."

Jack colored deeply and said:

"I wasn't going to ask you, because I knew you didn't want that I should go and I wouldn't ask you now only father tells me to."

"Well, my son?" said his mother.

"I am enrolled among them, at any rate, and if I don't go they might arrest me as a deserter. My name is on the list."

"Well?"

"May I join them?"

"Yes, my son."

"Hurrah!" and then Jack sprang up and gave his good mother a resounding kiss.

There wasn't one of the Liberty Boys present who did not want to do the same.

"After all, Dot, I am rather glad that you did run away and take my name," Jack said.

"But I ought to be there."

"You are not Jack Warren, and I am."

It was settled, therefore, that Jack should be one of the Liberty Boys in fact as well as in name.

"Anyhow, you'll have to wear my uniform," laughed Dorothy.

"Well, you wore my name and turn about is fair play."

"She did not disgrace it, Jack," said Will.

"No, but she changed her own, and I expect she'll do it again some day."

There was a general laugh at this sally.

Both Will and Dorothy blushed furiously, but said nothing.

Jack borrowed a horse, which was to be sent back, and rode off with the Liberty Boys in pursuit of the Tories.

The family all bade him a hearty good-by, but Dorothy seemed a little envious.

"Never mind, Dot," he said, "I'll come back one of these days and bring Will with me."

"I guess he can come alone, Brother Jack."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he did, Dot."

They searched for the Tories, but heard nothing of them as a body and finally returned to the camp.

Bob and the rest were surprised to see Jack.

Patsy looked at him a moment and then asked:

"Well, me bhy, are yez yerself or yer sisther?"

"Oh, I'm myself, all right, Patsy," was the youth's answer.

"Dot was ein vunny question to toldt him," said Carl. "Off gourse he was himselluf."

"Well, he wasn't dhe ither toime, an' so Oi t'ought Oi'd ax him who he was now."

"He was choost der same now been lige he was pefore."

"No, he wasn't. He was his sisther before, don't yez know dhat, Cookyspiller?"

"Nein, his sisder was been him, und he was himselluf."

"Sure, dhe two or dhim cudn't be dhe wan, me bhy."

"Yah, dey gould, vor gause dey was dwins, ain't it?"

"Shure, an' Oi niver t'ought av dhat, Cookyspiller," roared Patsy.

The next day they heard of a band of Tories who were committing depredations in the neighborhood.

Dick had no doubt that it was the remainder of the same band that he had been pursuing.

Even if it were not, he resolved to follow it up and put a stop to its mischief.

The entire band of Liberty Boys now set off.

Jack, in his uniform, looked as trim as the rest and felt proud to be one of them.

"I can see no difference in them," said Bob, "and it seems to me as if this were the same Jack Warren that was with us before."

"There is a difference," said Dick, "but not much."

"His sister has more delicate features."

"Yes, and is slighter."

There were many of the Liberty Boys who could see no difference, however.

Moll Pitcher smiled when she saw Jack and said to Dick:

"It's all right, captain. This is the brother, sure enough."

"So it was you who discovered my sister's secret, was it?" said Jack.

"Trust a woman for that, my boy," laughed Moll.

Jack was as much of a favorite as his masquerading sister had been, however.

They all liked him and were glad that he was with them.

The Liberty Boys rode on for some time and at last, in the afternoon, heard of the band of Tories.

The description of the leader tallied with that of Zeke Higginson.

"It's the same band," said Dick, "and now to drive them out of the country."

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE TRAIL.

The Tories under Zeke Higginson were reported to have gone north about an hour before.

Dick determined to follow them up without delay.

Before he caught sight of them it was nightfall.

If he took a small band with him, Dick thought he might find the scoundrels.

The presence of a large band would alarm them or some of the Tories in the neighborhood might give them warning.

Dick had noticed that not all of the houses the gang passed were molested.

Those occupied by men known to be Tories were not touched.

"If all of us are seen on the road at once," said Dick to Bob, "some one will send word to these wretches."

"Very true."

"While if only a few of us are seen, it will not be known if the rest are following or not."

"That is so," agreed Bob.

Taking Bob, Mark, Jack, Will and Harry and one or two more of the Liberty Boys, Dick set out after dark to make a search for the Tories.

After riding for a little while the youths saw lights shining from a building at the roadside.

It was a tavern.

The sound of talking and laughing was heard, and now and then a form passed by the windows.

The crowd within seemed to be rather boisterous and Dick determined to enter.

Taking Jack and Will, they left their horses outside and went in.

There were several Hessians in the place.

It was they who were making the most of the noise.

They were eating and drinking and would now and then burst into singing.

"Deserters, no doubt, from Sir Henry's or Knyphausen's army," thought Dick.

Pretty soon some of the Hessians caught sight of the Liberty Boys.

"Ach, Yankees, you wandt some regruits?" asked one, thickly.

"No," said Dick. "Where is your regiment?"

"I don't know," said the man.

"Deserters?" said Jack.

"Yes. They know that there is no great force of Americans near, however, and are not afraid."

"Do you suppose they would enlist if an American recruiting officer was to come along?"

"There is no doubt of it, if the pay were sure."

"They are not looking for anything but money?"

"That is all. They will fight on any side."

"They are like a lot of farm hands," laughed Jack. "They will work for any one who pays them."

"There is no love of country in that," said Will scornfully.

"No," said Dick, "but there is one thing to be said in their favor."

"What is that?"

"They have no choice in the matter. They are obliged to serve in the army and are hired out to whoever will pay for them."

"Hirelings, without the least idea of patriotism," said Jack.

"That is all, but they can't help it."

"That would make Dot furious, with her patriotic ideas," said Jack.

"You don't like it yourself, do you?" laughingly from Dick.

"No, but we can't do those things here."

There was no sign of the gang of Tories, as they had been described, in the place.

Dick determined to look further, therefore.

As he was turning to go one of the Hessians said:

"You tage us, goot pay? We fighd."

"No," said Dick. "We don't take soldiers who will fight with us to-day and with the enemy to-morrow."

"Vhat you mean by dot?"

"Just what I say."

"You insultd us?"

"Scarcely," with scorn.

"Maybe I mage you shpoke besser as dat."

"I don't think so."

The man arose and aimed a blow at Dick.

It was parried.

Jack and Will stood ready to go to his assistance.

None was needed.

The Hessian rushed at Dick, thinking to clinch with him.

The Liberty Boy seized him around the waist.

Then he lifted him off his feet and threw him over a table.

"Come," he said to the other two youths.

They left the tavern at once.

"The men we want are not there," said Dick, "and I do not want that we shall get into a brawl with a lot of drunken Hessians."

"There were as many as twenty there," said Jack.

"There have been desertions," said Will. "The enemy is not within many miles of us."

"Well, the more desertions the better for us," said Dick.

"But we don't want any such cattle as deserters in the Liberty Boys' ranks," said Jack.

"Very true," agreed Dick.

Rejoining the rest of the party, Dick said:

"The men we seek are not in the tavern. There was a lot of Hessians, that's all."

"They're no better than Tories, in my opinion," from Bob.

"Well, they are doing no harm, except to themselves, and so we did not disturb them."

"Except one," laughingly from Jack, "who tried to disturb Dick and got disturbed himself."

"What was it?"

Jack told the story with a few embellishments, and there was a roar of laughter from the youths.

Then they rode on somewhat farther.

Pretty soon they came to a dark and deserted looking house setting back from the road.

They were riding by when Dick suddenly gave the word to halt.

"What are you stopping for?" asked Bob.

"There is some one in that house," was Dick's reply.

"It doesn't look like it," doubtingly.

"Nevertheless, I think there is."

"There isn't the least glimmer of light and not a sound."

"There is no light, to be sure."

"And not a sound."

"I heard voices and I saw some one pass one of the windows."

"You have remarkable sight and hearing, Dick."

"The moon shines on one of the windows. It was in that one that I saw some one."

"The place looks deserted."

"Yes, and that is why these scoundrels may take it as a hiding-place."

"Very true," agreed Bob.

"One or two of you come with me," said Dick, "and we will examine the place."

Bob and Jack went with the youth.

They left their horses standing under a tree by the roadside.

The rest of the youths withdrew a short distance.

Not so far but that they could hear Dick's signal, however.

Then the three Liberty Boys advanced cautiously up the path.

Not a sound was to be heard.

Not a soul was to be seen.

The moon showed them the way, the path being overgrown with weeds.

The house had evidently not been dwelt in for years.

It looked utterly deserted and neglected.

Reaching the door, Dick paused and listened.

There was a great brass knocker on the door, but it was rusty and green from neglect.

Dick took hold of it, finding it difficult to lift.

He raised it and then brought it down with a clang on the brass plate beneath.

At once there was the sound of hurried footsteps within the house.

"Who's that?" a startled voice was heard to exclaim.

"I told you there was some one within," said Dick.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FIGHT IN THE DARK.

"Who's there? What do you want?" asked a voice within the house.

"Open the door!" said Dick.

Hurried footsteps were again heard going from the door instead of toward it.

"Go around to the right, Bob; go to the left, Jack," said Dick.

The youths obeyed.

Then Dick signaled to the rest.

They came up speedily.

"Mark, you and Harry hurry to the back of the house. One or two go to the left and help Jack."

The orders were quickly obeyed.

"Help me break in this door," said Dick to two or three others.

They threw their combined weights on it, and it yielded.

Down it fell with a crash, throwing the youths on the floor.

They were quickly on their feet again.

Then a shout and two or three shots were heard at the back of the house.

Next there came shouts from Jack and his party.

"Head them off there at the back!" Bob was heard to shout.

The moonlight poured in at the open door, but beyond the distance of three or four yards all was dark.

"Be careful," said Dick, "and the minute you hear any suspicious sound fire!"

There was no danger of the youths killing any of their comrades.

There had been no orders for any one else to enter the house.

There was no sound except from without.

The men who were in the house, the Tories, doubtless, had evidently fled.

Dick saw a light at one side, and hurried toward it.

It came from a side window.

He quickly dashed out three or four panes with the butt of his pistol.

"Are you there, Bob?"

"Yes."

"What has happened?"

The men broke out at the back, and there has been a fight."

"Hurry to the aid of the rest."

Then Mark and Jack were heard shouting, and there were more shots.

Dick felt his way rapidly but carefully through the house till he came to an open door.

In the dark he had to go more by instinct than by sight or feeling.

"Hello!" he cried.

"Hello!" answered Bob.

"Have you caught them?"

"No; they have fled through an old garden at the back."

"Were they the men we are after?"

"Yes; I heard one call another Zeke, and I saw him by the moonlight."

"Did his description tally with the one we have?"

"Yes."

"Are any of the Liberty Boys hurt?"

"No."

"You are all there?"

"Yes."

"And the Tories have all fled?"

"Yes."

Lights were procured, and the house was examined from top to bottom.

Not a soul was found in it.

In one room was a quantity of silverware, evidently stolen, and the remains of a meal.

"The scoundrels hid in the old house, thinking it a safe place," said Dick.

"And no one but you would have guessed that they were here."

"Well, we have driven them out, at any rate, and that is as good as capturing them."

"Yes, for if we keep driving them on, by and by they will disperse."

"That is what I want that they shall do."

One of the Liberty Boys had been left with the horses. He now reported that the Tories had not come around to the front of the house.

The scoundrels had not been captured, but, as Bob had said, if they were continually driven from place to place they would finally disband and cease to be a menace to the neighborhood.

The youths now rode back to the camp, and Bob related what had happened.

"Shure, an' Oi wisht Oi had been wid yez," said Patsy.

"Me, too, also," said Carl. "I lige to been vhere der fighd-ing was, I bet you."

"We can all say that," said Dick, "but we could not take all the troop."

"Well, it'll be my turn dhe nixt toime, maybe," said Patsy.

"Yah, und off it was your turn been not der negst dime, den it was some oder negst dime been alretty."

"Yez are gettin' sorproisin' wise, begorra, Cookyspiller." roared Patsy.

Dick had brought away the silver found in the old house, in the hope of learning who was the owner.

It had not belonged in the house itself, that was very clear.

The house had been entirely cleared of furniture, plate, and everything long before.

The silver consisted of spoons, dishes, tea and dinner sets, candlesticks, and other utensils.

It was all very heavy, and most of it was marked, so that it could be identified.

Some of it was marked with crests and monograms, showing that it had been brought over from England.

"These scoundrels may have stolen from royalists as well as from patriots," said Dick.

"They are probably not burdened with too much conscience," was Bob's reply.

"No," said Ben, "and they would as soon steal from one as from another."

The silver was made up in a bundle, and Dick gave it the next day to a neighboring magistrate, whose character was unimpeachable, with a request to find the owners.

"Some of this has been taken from my own house," said the magistrate.

"Say you so?"

"Yes. I will show you pieces that match some of it."

"Is your loss a recent one?"

"Quite so. Only yesterday, when I was away, some thieves broke in and stole some of my choicest plate."

"We must secure the thieves, then. This is probably all they have taken thus far."

"It is evident that they were going to make the old house a hiding-place for their plunder."

"Doubtless. To whom did the place belong?"

"To a family now extinct, so far as is known. It has not been lived in for years."

Dick bade adieu to the worthy man, and then continued his search for the pilfering Tories.

They met many parties of deserting Hessians, some of whom were anxious to enlist again.

Many were satisfied to give up the pursuit of war, however, and go to farming.

A few British deserters were met with, but the majority were Hessians.

They all told stories of forced marches, hard work, and poor food, and it was evident that Sir Henry had been anxious to embark and get out of the Jerseys.

For a day or so the band of Tories under the head of Higginson and Wardell was not heard of.

Dick was beginning to think that the men had scattered to various parts when there again came the news of fresh depredations.

"We must find these rascals and give them the punishment they so richly deserve," said Dick, and all the Liberty Boys agreed.

CHAPTER XV.

PATSY AND CARL GO ON THE TRAIL.

The Liberty Boys were in camp awaiting further news of Zeke Higginson's gang of Tories.

"Shure, an' it's very little dhat me an' yersilf have been doin' lately, Cookyspiller," said Patsy to Carl.

"Yah, we was been marching und marching, but we did not some fighding, Patsy."

"No, sor, an' Oi'm dyin' fur a sherimmage av some soort, me bhy."

"Yah, I dinks so meinselluf, und I lige dot I would dose Tories caught meinselluf."

"Shure, an' it's not such an onloikely t'ing dhat we moight do it."

"Nein, dot was somedings dot might habben alretty."

"Well, dhin, phwile we are waiting, suppose dhat me and ye go out on our own hook an' luk fur dhim?"

"Dat was ein pooty goot ding, Batsy, und I was mit you."

They told Dick that they were going out on a hunt for the Tories, and the youth, never doubting their courage, gave them permission.

They set out on horseback, and pretty soon came to a little old house setting back from the road.

There did not seem to be a soul around the place.

There was no smoke coming out of the chimney, and no sign of life anywhere.

The doors and windows were shut, and not a sound was to be heard.

"Whist!" said Patsy.

"Dot was vun of dem Tory house," said Carl.

"Yis, an' do yez know phwat Oi t'ink?"

"You was taught a lot off dings, ain't it?"

"What's a house jist loike dhe ither wan."

"Lige dot houses vhat de poys was went in der oder nighd?"

"Yis."

"Maybe we was finded some silfer dere?"

"Yis."

"Und some Dories, I bet you?"

"Yis."

"Vell, you went aheadt, und I kepted guard."

"No, Oi'll kape guard an' yez can go ahid."

"Suppose bote kepted guard."

"Shure, an' dhat's no use."

"Vor vhy?"

"Nobody will iver come out av we kape guard all dhe toime."

"Und you wanted dot dey should went ould?"

"Av coorse, an' dhin we'll catch dhim."

"Vell, den we was bote went aheadt alretty."

"Dhat's all roight. Go up an' bang wid dhe knocker."

"Dere don'd was some knogkers mit der door."

"Shure, an' dhere isn't."

"Vhat I dooded, den?"

"Pound with yer fisths."

"More better you was done dot. You got harder fists lige I had."

"Suppose we bote holler an' schare dhim out?"

"Yah, dot was besser as anydings."

Then they rode up to the gate.

"Hello, dhe house!" shouted Patsy.

"Hello, der houses!" roared Carl.

There was no answer.

"It's knockin' phwat'll bring dhim," said Patsy.

"Yah, I dinks so meinselluf."

Then they got off their horses and walked up to the door.

Patsy began to pound vigorously.

All of a sudden it flew open.

The good-natured Irishman fell upon the floor.

Then an old woman standing in the hall asked:

"Well, what is it? Do you want to break the door down?"

"Shure, an' Oi wanted to make yez hear," said Patsy.

"Well, you didn't need to knock so hard."

"We was t'ought maybe you was not in der houses been," explained Carl.

"H'm! if I wasn't in the house, what was the use of knocking, you fool?"

"Vor gause we was wanted to got in und found dose Dories alretty."

"Tories in my house?"

The old woman fairly shrieked it.

"Yis, ma'am, an' we t'ought dhey moight be here."

"You won't find any Tories in my house, you idiot."

"Well, we found some in an old dilapidated house just loike dhis, an' we t'ought—"

"How dare you call my house old? Why, it hasn't been built thirty years yet."

"Yis, ma'am; well, dhere wor a luk about it dhat made us think dhat dhere moight—"

"A Tory look about my house? How dare you? Here, you get right out of here, or I'll scald you."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but have yez seen a band av vilyans dhat moight be loikely to call on yez, an'—"

"Villains call on me? No, sir; they wouldn't. How dare you ask such a question?"

"Oxcuse Batsy, missus," said Carl. "He was shpoke some-dimes mitout knowing vhat he was dalking apout."

"Gwan, Dootchy, shure, Oi do always know dhat."

"Vhat he meant to said was dot dere was some Dory vellers wenting aboud der goundry maging troubles, und we was wanted to found dem."

"There haven't been any Tories here, the scoundrels."

"Maybe dey was mage some droubles off dey gome, und—"

"I'd like to see them! I'd scald 'em, the ruffians! I'm a good patriot, and I don't allow no Tories nor no Hessians nor no Britishers in my house."

"Dot's werry goot, missus, only dere was ein lot off dem, und you was only ein vomans."

"I don't care if I am. I'm a match for any ten men."

"Yah, I dinks so."

"At talkin'," said Patsy.

"What's that?" cried the dame.

"I said now yez wor talkin', ma'am."

"Yah, we meanted dot you was said somedings vorth while alretty."

"Well, I haven't seen them. Good-morning."

Then the woman pushed Patsy out and closed the door.

"Shure, an' she says she wor a good patriot an' she niver offered two good Americans sogers a sup av milk or a boite av bread or anything."

"Well, maybe she was not knowed dot we was Americans."

"Shure, an' how could she help it, Cookyspiller?"

"I don't knowed dot. I was ein American, but you don't look like dot."

"G'wan wid yez, Cookyspiller; Oi'm as much an American as yez are yerself."

"Yah, dot was so, Batsy, but maybe dot vomans was knowed dot not, ain't it?"

"Yis, I t'ink dhat musht be it, me bhy."

Then they mounted their horses and rode away.

When they reached the top of the next hill they saw seven or eight figures on horseback below them.

"Dhere dhey are!" cried Patsy.

"Yah, dot was been dose."

"Charge on dhim!" roared Patsy. "Down wid dhim!"

"Yah, dot was what we dooded."

Then down the hill they dashed at full speed.

"Come on, me bhys!" roared Patsy. "Liberty foriver, be gorra!"

"Come aheadt!" shouted Carl. "Down mit dem!"

Down the hill they dashed.

The seven or eight boys on horseback scattered in all directions.

One was thrown into a tree, one was tossed into a ditch, two bolted as fast as they could go, and the rest simply got rid of their riders and stood still.

"Surrindher!" cried Patsy.

"What fur?" asked a boy sitting in the dusty road.

"Aren't yez dhat gang av Tories, phwat's been ann'y'in' iverybody in dhe—"

"Shucks, no. We're takin' these hosses to paster, an' we thought we'd ride."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN BAD HANDS.

When Patsy and Carl got back to the camp there was a great laugh at their expense.

It seemed that Jack Warren, riding along the road, had seen their gallant charge upon the farmer boys.

He kept out of sight, and witnessed the whole affair.

Then he got to camp ahead of Carl and Patsy, and told the story.

It was too good for the Liberty Boys to keep to themselves.

When the two youths arrived, therefore, they were assailed by a storm of questions.

At first they pretended entire ignorance of the affair.

Then, when all the youths showed that they knew about it, they had to give in.

Patsy and Carl were puzzled for a long time to know how the story got out.

They were very sure that none of the farmer boys had told it.

How the Liberty Boys could have got hold of it otherwise they could not imagine.

The next day the Liberty Boys set out to rejoin the commander-in-chief and to search for the Tories.

They met more deserting Hessians, but saw nothing of Zeke Higginson and his gang.

They were coming to a more hilly part of the country now.

It would be more difficult, therefore, to find the band in case they took to the woods.

At last they heard of Zeke again.

He had a larger band than before.

He had gathered up here and there a number of the wildest and most desperate characters in the country.

Upon pretense of being raiders, they were burning houses

and barns, running off cattle, and committing all sorts of depredations.

Dick had orders to shoot any of them on sight, and to hang all that were captured.

In this way only could the gang be broken up.

Finally coming to a village where it was said the gang had been but a short time before, Dick pushed on.

It was a wild country, and after riding for some time they came to a halt.

Then, while the Liberty Boys rested, Dick determined to push ahead a little ways and reconnoiter.

He took Jack with him, and the two rode on at an easy gait, keeping their eyes and ears open.

"Unless we surprise the scoundrels it will be hard to get at them in this kind of country," said Jack.

"Very true," agreed Dick.

"They no doubt rely on that."

"Yes; but we are bound to catch them and show them no mercy."

"It should not be shown them."

"If they were soldiers it would be different."

"These wretches are too cowardly to go into the army."

"No, but they will attack women, old men, and boys, burn and steal, and then run as soon as any one comes after them."

"If a dozen of them were hung and the rest shot, it would be a good lesson to them."

"That's what they will come to, Jack," said Dick.

The two rode on in silence for some time.

Then Dick suddenly paused.

He had heard a suspicious sound.

"Back, Jack!" he hissed, suddenly wheeling.

He was too late.

From behind rocks and trees, and seemingly out of the very ground itself sprang a dozen men.

Others quickly came to the aid of the first.

The two Liberty Boys were surrounded.

Jack tried to ride his horse right through the crowd.

He was utterly fearless, and was determined not to be taken.

Of course, Dick Slater could not have been taken if there had been the slightest chance of escape.

There was not.

The scoundrels had evidently been lying in wait for the two youths.

Their arrangements had been well made.

Three or four apiece seized the bridles of the horses.

Then two on each side seized a leg apiece of the youths.

Both Dick and Jack tried to break through the ranks.

It was useless.

They were dragged from their horses and hurried into the woods.

The horses were led away, so that they might not escape and give the clue to the rest of the Liberty Boys.

Dick and Jack were taken to a deep ravine and bound to trees.

The sides of the ravine were almost precipitous.

A roaring, tumbling brook made its way through the middle of it.

The gang sat around on logs and boulders, and discussed the fate of the two youths.

They were an evil-looking lot, taken altogether.

"Well, Cy," said one, "we've got the boss of the gang that's been bothering us."

"Yes, Zeke, we have, and t'other one has given us trouble, too."

"Yes, he's the feller what put a bullet in my leg. Lucky I had a hoss to ride."

"Well, we've got to get even with 'em."

"The young one made it hot for me at the old house, too," said another.

"Yes, and the captain plugged me in the shoulder that time we had to dash through the orchard," said a third.

"We'll learn these little rebels to mind their own business after this."

"Yes, and I reckon they won't have any to mind."

Zeke Higginson turned to Dick and said:

"So you're Dick Slater, the captain of the Liberty Boys."

"I am," said Dick; "and I am determined to rid the country of your murdering, thieving gang."

"Oh, you are, are you?" said the other, with an uneasy laugh.

"Yes, and it will be done."

"Suppose we kill you first?"

"That will not matter. The Liberty Boys will avenge my death and the lot of you will either be shot or hung."

The Tories moved uneasily.

They did not like this sort of talk.

"Shut up!" growled Cy Wardell. "It won't do you no good."

"Oh, you don't like to hear what you're coming to, do you?" said Jack.

"Shut up, I tell yer."

"Makes you feel uneasy, don't it? You've never had a real good shake-down, because you've always run away, but now you're going to get it."

"It makes no difference what you do with us," said Dick, "for you are doomed and cannot escape."

"Stop that, I tell you," growled Zeke. "Gag 'em, fellers. It's likely some of the gang might be around."

"Yes, and we don't want 'em to hear these fellers holler."

"There won't be much more time for them to do it," said Cy, with a growl. "Bend down a couple of them saplings and tie 'em with a slip-knot. Bend 'em toward each other."

Dick shuddered as he heard the order given.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN EVIL BAND BROKEN UP.

Three or four of the gang put their weight upon a couple of saplings growing about ten feet apart, and bent them toward each other.

They were bent down till within three or four feet of the ground.

Then they were bound together in such a manner that by pulling out a knot they would fly apart.

"Tie his legs to one of 'em, and his arms to the other," said Cy.

The intention of the villain was obvious.

Bound to the saplings, which would then be released, the youth would be slowly torn apart.

It was too horrible to think of.

Dick Slater made no appeal, however, as he knew that it would be useless.

"Bend down another couple of 'em," said Zeke, "an' fix 'em for t'other chap."

"Yaas, what's good enough for one is good enough for the other, I guess."

Two more saplings were bent down like the first.

Then Dick and Jack were bound hand and foot to the two sets.

They could not make an outcry, being gagged.

They would not have done so if they could.

They scorned to make any appeal to such men as Zeke Higginson and his gang.

They would show these scoundrels that they could die like men.

"Let 'em stay there a little while an' think it over," said Zeke. "That'll make it more pleasant."

"Yes; it'll keep 'em wondering how soon the saplings are going to be let loose," laughed Cy.

It was like such heartless ruffians to prolong the suffering of their victims.

From such men there was no pity to be expected.

None would be asked for.

Dick's only regret was that he had taken Jack with him to reconnoiter.

"Waal," said Zeke, pretty soon, "what do you think? 'Bout time to let 'em go?"

"Oh, give 'em a little more time to think of it," roared Cy. "It's so pleasant."

Dick knew that the man had no intention of loosening the saplings at that moment.

He had merely said so to terrify the youths.

Dick Slater was not the sort to show fright before such fellows.

Jack nerved himself, to, and did not show the least sign of fear.

At length Zeke said:

"Better pull out the knots, Cy."

"Guess you better."

"All right. Take hold there, Jim."

"You take t'other one, Pete."

Two men approached.

Before they could touch the running knots a musket shot rang out.

Then another sounded.

The two scoundrels fell, badly wounded.

Then a score of shots rang out.

"Down with 'em, Liberty Boys!" rang out in Bob's well-known voice.

Then on the rocks on both sides of the ravine appeared two score of Liberty Boys.

"Quick!" cried Zeke. "Let 'em go and then run."

One of the men dashed forward to release the knots.

He fell dead from a shot which rang out from the rocks above.

Then another essayed to do the work, and met with a similar fate.

Then at the lower end of the ravine came a shout.

More Liberty Boys came pouring in.

Those on the rocks kept up a fusillade upon the Tories.

One after another tried to carry out the barbarous scheme of Zeke Higginson, and every one fell dead.

Then those in the ravine began to pick off the flying Tories.

They were all deadshots, and never missed.

The Tories tried to return the fire, but the moment they raised pistol or gun that moment they were picked off by some one.

Down the rocks came the Liberty Boys, firing as they came.

Then another party appeared at the upper end of the ravine.

The Tories rushed hither and thither in flight.

Some sprang into the stream, some dove into recesses among the rocks, and others lay flat on the ground, pretending to have been shot.

"Down with 'em!" cried Bob, above.

Mark led the party at the lower end of the ravine.

Ben Spurlock was in command of that at the upper end.

The two parties approached each other.

There was no fear of any of the Liberty Boys hitting any of his comrades.

There was not a shot fired that did not tell.

At last the two parties met.

Many of those above had descended.

Bob released Dick and Will did the same for Jack.

Higginson and Wardell had both been shot dead.

There were eight or ten others who had met a like fate.

Others were mortally wounded, and could not live long.

Some had been seriously injured, but if they survived their wounds they were certain to be hanged.

Many were dragged out of nooks among the rocks and marched off.

Two had fallen into the stream and had been drowned.

Others had attempted to escape by it, and had been badly bruised, and were glad to scramble out.

Not more than three of the entire party had escaped.

These had found hiding-places which were not discovered.

The dead were left in the ravine, and the wounded and the prisoners were taken out.

The same day they were turned over to the authorities, and those who had not died were hanged.

The gang was thoroughly broken up, for it was not likely that the few who had escaped would show themselves.

The fate of their comrades would be a lesson to them, and prevent their repeating the offenses for which the others had suffered.

It had been by the merest chance that the whereabouts of Dick and Bob had been discovered.

Bob had set out with Harry, Will, Ben and Mark in another direction than that taken by Dick and Jack.

They had lost their way, and were trying to find it when Bob heard Dick's voice.

Dismounting and following the sound, he had come to the ravine.

He realized the peril of Dick, and hurried off at once to bring the Liberty Boys to the rescue.

They were divided into three or four parties so as to attack the Tories in as many places as possible.

They arrived none too soon, and if Bob had known the fiendish scheme of the leading scoundrel he would never have left the place, not even for a moment.

As it was, he had arrived none too soon to save the lives of Dick and Jack.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

With the annihilation of Zeke Higginson's thieving gang of Tories, the work of Dick and the Liberty Boys in this

part of the country was at an end, or for the time, at any rate.

Every one praised the persistency with which Dick had followed up the scoundrels.

Much praise, too, was given to him and to the Liberty Boys for their unflinching efforts to rid the region of the pests.

There was little likelihood of any similar gangs appearing after the terrible and entirely deserved fate which this one had met with.

The section would be safe from such marauders after that.

One of the prisoners, who had been mortally wounded, told where much of the plunder taken by the gang had been stored.

It was subsequently recovered, and returned to its owners.

Horses were returned where they could be identified, and where they could not be they were kept for the use of the army.

Dick and the Liberty Boys pushed rapidly on, finally joining the commander-in-chief.

Washington had learned how Dick and the Liberty Boys had wiped out the thieving band of Tories, and praised him for it.

"It is these harpies that are to be feared more than the avowed enemy," he said, "for these stab in the dark, imperil the lives of women and children, and make themselves a constant menace to the safety of our homes."

To break up such gangs was, therefore, an act deserving great praise, and Dick and the Liberty Boys received it from every one.

Moll Pitcher left the Liberty Boys soon after they joined the commander-in-chief.

Of her subsequent career Dick heard but little, but always held her in grateful remembrance.

She parted with Dick and the Liberty Boys with many expressions of regret, and with many good wishes for the future.

For Dick she expressed the greatest regard, and to Bob and the rest she said that she would always think of them kindly, and that the memories of her sojourn with the youths would be among the pleasantest of her life.

"Shure, she's a foine brave crather," said Patsy, "and Oi only wish dhat she cud be wid us all dhe toime."

"Yah, dot Molly Pitcher was vun off der pravest vomang what I efer was saw," said Carl, "und I bet you ve don't forget her vor a gouple off dimes, alretty."

"Shure, an' Oi think yez moight make it tree, Cookyspiller," said Patsy. "Oi dunno phwat yez mane, but it's all roight, Oi guess."

"You wouldn't forgot dat Moll Pitcher so long what you lifed, is it?" asked Carl.

"No, av coorse not."

"Und off you was lifed twice dimes dot you would forgot it not neider, ain't it?"

"No, av coorse not, nor t'ree times, aither."

"Vell, dot was what I was meanted, only you was wanted dot I should explanation dot, when it was plain lige eferydings what I was mean."

"Why, av coorse," laughed Patsy. "But yez must know dhat Oi'm so fond av hearin' yez shpake, Cookyspiller, dhat Oi made yez go all over it ag'in, begorra."

Moll Pitcher took her leave, and then Dick waited for orders from the general.

Jack Warren remained with the Liberty Boys until the close of the war.

Whenever the Liberty Boys were near enough to his old home he would always pay his folks a visit.

Will Freeman always went with Jack, and now and then would make a visit on his own account.

It was not the old folks there he cared to see as much as a young woman who greatly resembled her brother, and had once deceived the Liberty Boys as to her identity.

Will remained with the Liberty Boys also, and after the war was over settled down in the part of the country where Dorothy lived, and shortly afterward married her.

After joining Washington early in July, after the battle of Monmouth, the Liberty Boys were not kept idle long, but were despatched where they could do their country still more service, and whose great achievements, stirring adventures and many perils awaited them.

Next week's issue will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' BOLD DASH; OR, THE SKIRMISH AT PEEKSKILL BAY."

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SOLDIER AND SAILOR INSURANCE.

In a short time a million checks a month will be issued from the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance to the families of the men constituting America's fighting force.

There had been up to January 18, 1918, 473,116 applications for total insurance of \$4,011,391,000. The average amount applied for still keeps near the maximum of \$10,000. A steady effort is being made to make our fighting forces "100 per cent. insured," and there are many military units in which every member is insured and in some of them every man insured for the maximum of \$10,000.

The automatic insurance granted by the law ceases on February 12, but by that time it is hoped that our whole military and naval forces will be "100 per cent. insured," with the result that the family or dependents of everyone having a family or anyone dependent on him will be provided with a monthly allowance, and insurance in case of his death, and the member himself, if disabled, will receive a monthly allowance, and if totally disabled, will receive in addition rehabilitation and special education and training to fit him for some work.

The efforts of the Treasury Department to have every member of the military and naval forces insured under this law can be greatly assisted by the people at home of the soldiers and sailors if they will join in urging them to take out the insurance offered.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE TREASURY.

The tremendous effective national service that the schools and school children of the country can render is being availed of as fully as possible by the Treasury Department in its work. In a great number of schools Liberty Loan clubs have been organized, and many bonds also have been purchased by individual pupils. The War-Savings campaign is endeavoring to have a War-Savings club established in every school in the country, and organized and individual effort is to be stimulated in every way.

Secretary McAdoo has said that he would like to see every schoolhouse in the United States an open forum, where patriotism and loyalty are taught, and a center of national service in its community and among its pupils and patrons. The school as a medium to reach the people of the rural districts is of especial value.

URGES SOUTH TO PRODUCE MORE FOOD.

Secretary McAdoo, as Director General of the Railroads, has issued a statement declaring that the production by each section of the United States of

its own food and feed stuff would be much more economical and would effect a great relief in the transportation problem.

He urges upon the people of the South, especially the farmers, to relieve the strain on the railroads as much as possible during the coming year by producing their own food and feed crops, thus rendering unnecessary the transportation of such materials from other parts of the country to them.

The Secretary emphasizes the fact that he does not suggest that the growing of cotton should be discouraged, but that the South, in addition to raising all the cotton that it can well cultivate, should grow hay and corn for its stock and produce as much food as possible for its own people.

He says, "If the South can feed itself, the effect will be to release from unnecessary service in the South a vast number of freight cars and engines and greatly help to win the war."

WHEATLESS PIE DOUGH.

A wheatless pie dough, made of ten pounds of barley flour, one and a half pounds of shortening, five ounces of salt, and about two and a half pints of cold water, is reported to the Hotel World by the chef of the Daniel Boone Tavern, Columbia, Mo., who states that barley flour has a percentage of oil in itself which measurably decreases the shortening requirements.

A CONSERVATION BUN.

Through the West a popular form of conservation bread has been a special raisin bun made, according to a formula evolved by a Los Angeles baker and indorsed by the Raisin Growers' Association of California. Sweetening in this bun is secured from raisins, so that no sugar is needed, and the flour used is a mixture of rye, rice, and wheat.

BAKING ADVANTAGES OF OATMEAL AND ROLLED OATS.

A large cereal concern recommends that rolled oats and oatmeal be pushed by wholesale grocers and commercial bakers as an ingredient in mixed breads, citing the following technical and trade advantages in a circular: First, rolled oats and oatmeal are more easily obtained than their substitute ingredients; second, rolled oats or oatmeal will absorb far more water than wheat flour and retain it longer; third, they are as cheap as any other ingredient which is available; fourth, the oatmeal loaf is said to have a greater nutritive value than even a straight wheat flour, and far greater than a cornmeal or barley-flour mixture.

MAKING HIS FORTUNE

OR

THE SMARTEST BOY IN NEW YORK

By RALPH MORTON

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

"No, sir; Mr. Fish sent me over to get you to sign these papers."

"Ah, yes; I was expecting them."

And dropping the tape, he sat down at his desk and put his signature on the documents with a steady hand and no outward show of excitement.

"Quite an excitement on 'Change this morning," he remarked.

"Is there?" asked the boy, innocently.

"Yes," drawled the broker. "Smith & Brown have gone under, and they have dragged a whole bunch of small operators down with them."

"Quite a crash, sir."

"Yes; I licked the whole bunch and got their money."

"Were you at the bottom of the present excitement, Mr. Horton?"

"Guess I was," chuckled the operator grimly. "Your boss was in the deal with me. We have sent the price of cotton soaring skyward, and, by jingo, we control the whole situation just now."

"Did you sell out at a high figure?"

"My dear boy, I have more than doubled the money you gave me to invest for you," was the quiet reply.

Jack was fairly staggered at this news.

He glared at the broker in silence a moment, then repeated:

"More than doubled my capital?"

"You are worth at least \$85,000 at the present moment."

"Gee!"

Jack's brain swam.

For an instant he imagined that the broker was joking.

But there was a very serious expression upon Mr. Horton's face.

And to clinch the matter, he opened a checkbook and, filling out a check for \$85,000, he handed it to the boy and said:

"There are your winnings. I will advance the money to you and I can sell your options with my own later in the day."

The boy looked at the check as if he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses, and, finally handing it back, he said:

"I am a minor and can't draw money on that in a bank. Will you make it payable to bearer, so I can cash it?"

"Certainly," replied the broker, and he wrote after Jack's name "or bearer," and handed it back to him, adding: "There, I guess you can get the money for it at my bank at any time if you can be identified."

"Thank you, sir. Will you send a clerk over to the bank with me now?"

"I will. Look out that you do not lose the check, as any one can get the money, for it is made out in that form," and he called a clerk.

"Mr. Horton, I want to thank you——" Jack began.

"There! There!" interrupted the rich man impatiently. "You are under no obligations to me, Jack Hooper. On the contrary, I am under the deepest obligation to you for saving my life from that man Anderson."

"I don't consider it so."

But I do. Besides, I am not rewarding you as you deserve. I merely invested your money in a deal about which you knew before you came to me. And I simply used the capital which you furnished. I therefore do not see how I have favored you particularly. With the cash and information you had you could have gone to almost any other broker and got him to do the same thing for you. He would have only charged you a nominal commission for the work, and that is all there would have been to the matter. I have merely saved you the commission."

"At least, let me pay you that."

"No, sir. Now go over to the bank with my bookkeeper and he will vouch for you so you can get your check cashed. Good-day."

And Mr. Horton turned to the ticker to indicate that the talk was at an end, and Jack went out with the bookkeeper.

At the bank the boy got his money in big bills and, thanking the bookkeeper, he parted with him and went to the Stock Exchange.

Here he gave Mr. Fish the note from Mr. Horton and the papers he had signed, and went over to his office to think over his good luck.

"I shall not tell anyone how much I made," he reflected. "I must put my money in a safe-deposit

vault where I can draw it out when I need it, as I cannot open an account with anything but a savings bank, upon which I cannot draw checks without a guardian."

With this resolve he went over to Broadway and, hiring a box in a vault, he deposited his money there.

"Other good chances may occur in the future," he reflected, as he went along, "and if I happen to light on any sure thing, I will have the capital to invest and make more money. It begins to look as if I were going to make my fortune, after all. Others of my age have made a million. Why shouldn't I do the trick, too?"

The boy was rapidly getting the money fever which seems to absorb everyone who does business about the great exchanges in New York.

"Well, Jack," laughed Daisy, when he came in, "what has happened to you now? You look as serious as a Wall street financier."

"Got so much money that it worries me to know just how to double it," he laughed.

Daisy laughed, too, thinking he was joking, for it never occurred to the girl that he really was speaking the truth.

"You will never get gray hair worrying over all the money you will earn," said she, mischievously. "If you have got a moment to spare, just cast your eyes over this note which just came in by mail to me, and tell me what you think about it."

Jack took the note she handed over and read the following lines:

"Dear Miss Bell—I would like to take you to the theater to-night. Please let me know at once if you accept the invitation. HARRY CHASE."

Jack handed it back to her, feeling a twinge of jealousy.

"Who is Harry Chase?" he asked somewhat gruffly.

"Oh, a young fellow living on my block," she laughed. "Why?"

"He's got a nerve asking you to go out with him."

"I don't think so."

"Are you going?"

"No."

"Oh!" said Jack with a relieved look.

"Jack," she whispered, as she laid her pretty hand upon his arm and looked up into his eyes, "do you imagine I would go out with anyone but you? Don't be a foolish boy. I have promised to be your little sweetheart, and I meant it."

"Then prove it by going to the theater with me to-night."

"I shall. I have already written Harry that I did not care to go with him, so you have had your jealousy for nothing."

"If I wasn't jealous, it would be a sign that I did not care for you," he answered with a smile. "I suspect that you just showed me that letter to see if it would make me mad."

"And so I did," she answered with a coquettish smile.

He escorted her home from the office that evening, but failed to see the figure of a man slinking along behind them in the street.

It was Tony Degano, and the villain had tracked the pair all the way uptown from their office.

Nor did they see him when they set out for the theater a couple of hours later, but he was at their heels just the same.

The play was a good one, and the boy and girl thoroughly enjoyed it.

When the show was over Jack took her to a good restaurant, where they had a delicious dinner, after which they started for home.

Degano was still tracking them with the persistence of a bloodhound, for the Italian was bent upon avenging his two pals.

All he wanted was an opportunity to attack the boy without running the chance of being arrested, and the chance soon came.

The boy and girl alighted from a car and turned down the dark and deserted street in which Daisy resided.

Both were so intent upon what they were saying that they did not hear the man's stealthy footsteps as he came gliding up behind them.

But they were to soon learn that he was there.

He was armed with a sandbag, and the first intimation Jack had of his danger was when the rascal aimed a blow at his head with it.

It so happened that Jack at that instant jumped aside to avoid a puddle of water on the sidewalk, and the weapon missed his head and came down, through the air close to his face.

He turned like a flash and saw his enemy, and a violent remark burst from the Italian's lips.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TWO PLOTTERS.

A wild scream of terror burst from Daisy's lips as she saw that Tony Degano was the rascal who had stolen up behind them and tried to hit Jack on the head with a sandbag.

The weapon flew out of the Italian's hand, so great had been the force with which he had brought it down toward Jack's head.

The villain recoiled as he saw that he had been foiled in his attempt to brain the boy, and he would have taken to his heels, as he now feared that Jack would summon a policeman.

But that was not the boy's intention.

He leaped toward the rascal and, doubling up his fist, he let drive at Degano's face with all his might and gave the wretch a blow that knocked him sprawling upon his back on the sidewalk.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

Some ingenious workmen in Petrograd more than 175 years ago carved six cannon out of blocks of ice, turned them in lathes and bored them for six-inch shells. And they actually fired salutes from them. The ice was sufficiently strong to withstand the explosion of nearly 2,000 grains of real gunpowder.

The Dead Sea is about forty miles long, with an average breadth of nine miles. Its depth varies from 1,320 feet in the north to very shallow depths in the south. Its surface is 1,312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea. The water of the Dead Sea is intensely salt, being eight times as salt as the ocean. As a consequence a human body cannot sink in the water. The sea has no known outlet.

In the last years of Washington's administration, the people of Western Pennsylvania started uprisings against the power of the excise authorities, known at the time as the "whisky insurrection." About the middle of 1799 General Neville, the chief excise officer, was attacked in his house and in other places valuable property was destroyed. There was a tumultuous meeting of the people at Washington, Pa., and a rally of armed men at Braddock's Field. The uprisings were brought to an end through the vigorous efforts of James Ross, a prominent lawyer of Washington, Pa., who had been elected a few months before to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of Albert Gallatin.

There has been recently placed on the market an appliance for sterilizing drinking water. It is also said to remove taste, odor, color and hardness, and electrolysis is employed as the sterilizing agent. The appliance consists of a large glass jar, provided with a faucet and an electrode member. The latter consists of two plates which are wired to the nearest source of lighting current. In operation the jar is filled with water and the current turned on. Depending on the amount of electrolyte salts in the water, a gallon of water can be purified in from ten to thirty minutes, and five gallons can be handled at one filling.

The British authorities in India appear to have found in the aeroplane an effective cure for the perennial uprisings of border tribesmen. According to Aeronautics, a campaign against the Mahsuds, an unruly tribe inhabiting the "no man's land" between the frontier of India and the territory of the Amir of Afghanistan, was brought to a successful conclusion in a few weeks, early in 1917, with the aid of aeroplanes, which promptly discovered the

most secret assemblages of the tribesmen and reported them to headquarters. "The collection and advance of large bodies were watched and followed, and when the moment for attack arrived the tribesmen's formations were broken up or destroyed by low-flying aeroplanes dropping explosive bombs and scattering them, or leaving them exposed to attack by the advancing British line." The aeroplane has revolutionized the conditions of border warfare.

In submarine vessels explosions may occur either through a collection of gases from the batteries or by reason of leaks in the pipes or tanks of the fuel supply system, or through bursting of the air flasks belonging to the boat, or the air reservoirs in the automobile torpedoes. The greatest danger is from explosive gases, which have been the cause of all explosions in modern submarine craft, and the greatest danger in this connection is the liability of a leak in the gasoline pipes or tanks, says the Book of Wonders. This gas is a heavy gas and so goes to the bottom of the vessel, where it is not so easily detected as a gas which rises. There is no certain way of guarding against leaks of gasoline. A leak may occur at any time in a pipe or tank of gasoline through some cause or other no matter how carefully inspected, and the gas from this is so active that it will go through the tiniest hole imaginable—even through a hole which water will not penetrate. The crew of a submarine is always subject to this danger unless the tanks are built outside the hull of the ship.

A phalanx in ancient Greece was a body of soldiers, from 8 to 16 ranks deep, and armed with lances 14 to 18 feet long. Their shields joined, and their pikes crossed each other, to make it difficult for a foe to break the compact mass. At first a phalanx consisted of 4,000 men, but this number was afterward doubled by Philip, of Macedon, and the double phalanx is hence often called the Macedonian phalanx. A grand phalanx consisted of about 16,000 men. Polybius, the historian, describes it thus: "It was a square of pikemen, consisting of sixteen in rank and 500 in depth; the soldiers stood so close together that the pikes of the fifth rank extended three feet beyond the front; the rest, whose pikes were not serviceable owing to their distance from the front, couched them upon the shoulders of those that stood before them, and so locking them together in file, pressed forward to support and push on the former rank, by which means the assault was rendered more violent and irresistible." The word phalanx is likewise used for any combination of people organized to act with firmness and unanimity.

STEEPLE JACK, THE BOY OF NERVE

OR

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD BELL TOWER

By CAPTAIN GEORGE W. GRANVILLE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY ON THE POLE.

One warm summer afternoon a man walking across City Hall park suddenly paused and gazed up at the flagpole on top of a big skyscraper on Park Row.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Look at that boy!"

His remark was heard by several more people, and they, too, paused and glanced upward at the object which attracted the speaker's attention.

"The fellow will kill himself doing that!" gasped another man.

Other people were attracted by the first batch, and in a few minutes there were scores of men, boys, women and girls standing in the park walks and in the streets glaring up at the roof of the building.

Some were pale with dread, others merely interested, and several expressed the greatest indignation because a human being was allowed to imperil his life in such a reckless manner.

"It is a steeple-jack!" shouted an interested messenger boy.

And that exclamation told the whole story of the plucky fellow upon whom the crowd gazed with a terrible fascination.

Steeple Jack was a boy of seventeen.

He stood on the coping of the skyscraper, stripped of his jacket and vest, and he wore a bicycle cap on his head and a pair of soft shoes on his feet. A leather belt girdled his waist for holding tools.

He had been hired to regild the ball on top of the flagpole which rose high above the roof of the big building.

No climbing-spurs were allowed, as their sharp points would mar the smooth pole, so he had to rosin his hands and the pliable soles of his shoes and climb the same way a boy would go up a tree.

The pole stood at the corner of the roof, and was over two hundred feet above the sidewalk, yet this appalling height did not seem to frighten the supple young fellow in the least.

He had been to its apex before, covered it with a coat of sizing, and he now simply carried his brushes and a book of gold leaf.

The boy was a magnificent climber, and the skill with which he went up that swaying pole caused the watching, nervous crowd to gasp every time the strong wind swayed his body to and fro.

The young steeple-jack was an expert, and he secured a firm grip on the flag-halliard to help himself up.

He kept his gaze turned skyward until he reached the top, and grasping the metal bar upon which the ball was perched, he drew a stout cable cord out of his pocket, tied the two ends together, tossed the loop over the truck of the pole, and placed his foot in the stirrup thus formed.

Then he secured his body to the pole by means of another cord passed around his neck, which he tied to the truck.

Well secured, he then calmly went to work at applying the gold leaf to the sizing on the ball.

To the watching, breathless people below he did not look much bigger than a fly, although he was a fair-sized youngster, with clear-cut features, keen blue eyes and nerves of steel.

It took him an hour to finish his job in a workmanlike manner, and when it was completed he pocketed his brushes and untied his strings.

Having wound one leg around the pole, he next lifted the other one out of the stirrup, dropped his lines and prepared to descend.

A smile crossed his face as he now gazed down at the multitude who were craning their necks to get a good look at him.

"How inquisitive people are!" he muttered. "How this kind of works attracts their attention! I wonder if any of them would enjoy seeing me fall off of this pole?"

It did not make him dizzy to look down into the awful gulf that yawned below, for he had become accustomed to working at his dangerous calling, as he had been doing it for a long time now.

As Jack prepared to slide down the pole there came a terrible gust of wind which suddenly bent the top of the pole far over, and as it passed abruptly, the pole was snapped back, almost tearing his fingers from their clutch.

The crowd saw what occurred, and let out a tremendous roar.

"He's going to get thrown down from there!" shouted a man, excitedly.

But Steeple Jack had a firm grip with his legs, and as he was a boy of wonderful nerve, he did not lose his wits for a single instant.

He flung his arms around the pole and waited.

As he expected, along came a second gust which made the flag ropes whistle, and over went the pole a second time with a loud snap.

"Something has given way below!" he muttered. "Sounds as if the pole had cracked. Guess I'll get down in a big hurry."

He thereupon let himself go, and he shot down toward the four iron braces with great velocity.

The friction skinned and burned his hands, but he reached the base of the pole in safety, and sliding down one of the iron braces to the roof, he paused there to rub his aching palms.

"I wasn't born to die to-day," he chuckled.

The idea that he had cheated the watching crowd in the street out of witnessing a tragedy seemed to please the boy, and he took off his cap, and standing on the cornice, he waved it to them mockingly.

They cheered him, for they thought he had escaped a dangerous fall.

Then he went over near the pent-house on the roof, and casting a glance up at the ball he had gilded, he muttered in satisfied tones:

"I've made a good job of it, but I'm glad the job is finished. That pole is one of the shakiest I ever climbed. A stronger wind would have snapped it in two."

At this moment the superintendent of the building came out on the roof and shot a look up at the ball.

"Finish your work?" he demanded.

"Yes," replied the boy, as he picked up his coat and vest and put them on. "Is it satisfactory?"

"Looks all right. How much do we owe you?"

"Ten dollars."

"Thanks," said Steeple Jack, picking up the stirrup cord and putting it in his pocket. "Want a receipt?"

"Yes, for the owner of the building. Here it is, all made out. Sign it."

The boy scribbled his name on the paper and went down to the elevator, which carried him to the ground floor.

By the time he reached the sidewalk the enormous crowd had melted away, and nothing remained to show that the boy had risked his life up at that dizzy height except the freshly gilded ball on the top of the pole.

"Now for home!" he muttered.

He was just going to step out into the middle of the street to board a car when a well-dressed man in a silk hat, with a gaunt, bearded face, stepped briskly up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hold on a moment, young fellow!" he exclaimed in harsh tones.

Pausing with a look of surprise on his face, the

young climber glanced around at the man and asked briefly:

"What do you want?"

"Are you the individual who just gilded that flag-pole ball?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Do you want another job that will pay you big money?"

"What doing?"

"Steeple-climbing."

"Certainly I want such a job. Where is it?"

"In the city."

"What is the work?"

"That will be explained to you later."

"How much will you pay for it?"

"A thousand dollars."

"What!" laughed the boy, incredulously. "Say, mister, what sort of a lunatic do you take me for, anyway? Is it a big job?"

"You can do it in about an hour."

"Oh, say, that will do! I don't care to cod about business matters. Let go of my arm. I want to go home. I'm hungry."

"But I am not joking!" persisted the man, earnestly. "It is easy but very important work I require of you, and it is secret work, too. Now, if you wish to earn a thousand dollars for an easy job, you meet me to-night at ten o'clock in front of St. Paul's church and the money is yours."

The boy turned around and faced the stranger squarely.

He did not like the looks of the man's crafty face, but he saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

"I do not care to disclose it, but you can call me Mr. Money," replied the other. "My name don't make any material difference in this transaction. All you need to know is that it is not a crooked job, nor a very dangerous one. Doesn't that satisfy you?"

The boy reflected a moment, and finally shook his head, saying:

"Yes. It's a queer way of making a bargain with a fellow, but as you seem to be on the level, and are offering me as much money for one job as I earn in a year, I think I'll take up your offer."

"Very well, then," said the man, with a peculiar look of triumph in his little dark eyes. "I shall give you the particulars when I meet you to-night. If you then don't care to do the job, you are at liberty to back out, and there will be nothing lost between us."

"That's a fair enough proposition, Mr. Money."

"What is your name, may I inquire?"

"I ain't ashamed of it, sir. I am called Jack Ranger; I live with my widowed mother on East 21st street, in the Gashouse District. I have some experience at carpenter work, painting, iron-working, rigging and half a dozen other good and useful trades."

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TOPICS

WIRING AN ARMY CANTONMENT.

Some idea of the magnitude of the new National Army cantonments has been given from time to time, but thus far no mention has been made of the electrical work involved. It is therefore of interest to note that in the case of Camp Travis in Texas about 275 miles of copper wire were required, largely for overhead outside equipment. The interior wiring called for 22,000 electric lamps, 11,000 porcelain receptacles and 11,000 rosettes.

HEAVY SNOWSTORMS IN JAPAN.

Japan has suffered from unusually heavy snowfall this winter—especially in the northern part of the empire. In the Hokuriku districts snow fell to a depth of nearly six feet; in the city of Fukui the storm was even more severe. At Imasho snow was six feet deep on December 25; and in the neighboring town of Ono it attained a depth of eight feet.

Avalanches of snow occurred at four places in the Nomi district, Ishikawa prefecture. Many workmen belonging to the Okoya mines live in temporary houses and ten of them were buried under the snow. Only five men were rescued alive. On subsequent days other snow slides occurred, attended by additional loss of life.

A train from Naoyetsu was stalled all night near Nyuzen station. Before rescue came the snow had completely covered cars and engine. All passengers were saved. Snow fell at Takaoka for ten days and in mountain districts was ten feet deep.

FORD WILL TURN OUT A CHASER EVERY DAY.

Production plans for the navy's new anti-submarine craft contemplate the delivery of a finished boat every day. The first vessel has already been started in the fabricating shops at the Ford plant at Detroit.

Materials that go into construction are fed into the end of the plants as rapidly as it is planned to produce the completed product at the other. The whole number of boats contracted for will be under production simultaneously at one stage.

The boats will all be launched in Lake Michigan and brought to sea via the canal system and inland waterways. They will measure 200 feet and displace about 5 tons.

While the boats do not represent anything strikingly new in submarine warfare, they will be armed and equipped in such a way as to effect a decided improvement in the patrol service.

BRITISH AVIATORS GET 10-YEAR TERMS.

Two captured British airmen, the *Tageszeitung* of Berlin says, have been sentenced by a German

court-martial to ten years' imprisonment for dropping a hostile proclamation in Germany.

Reprisals are demanded by the daily Mail for the action of the German military authorities in sentencing two British airmen to ten years' imprisonment for dropping leaflets in Germany. The newspaper, which features the story to the exclusion of most other news, says:

"The enemy is carrying out the threat published after the report that a million copies of President Wilson's declaration of peace terms would be dropped from airplanes in Germany. The Germans first began to drop propaganda leaflets in the Allied lines more than three years ago. The practice helped to wreck Russia and cause the disastrous Italian retreat."

The Daily Mail wants the reprisals to take the form of putting German officers and prisoners on the same rations and living conditions as British prisoners undergo in Germany.

"DON'TS" FOR USE WITH THE CHINESE.

Here are a few "don'ts" for persons doing business with Chinese. They are selected from a long list published by Millard's Review:

Don't use the word "Chinaman." Don't say "Chink," unless you are trying to make enemies.

Don't imagine that all Chinese women bind their feet or that all Chinese men wear queues. Modern Chinese are discarding these things, just as modern American women are ceasing to wear "hobble skirts" and American men to wear "peg-top" trousers.

Don't ask your Chinese friend whether he eats rats and dogs. It will please him just about as much as it would please an American to ask him if he ate snakes and toad frogs.

Don't try to make persons believe you know all about China just because you have visited Chinatown in San Francisco, Shanghai or Hongkong. They are no more like the real China than the east side in New York is like America.

Don't expect all Chinese to be honest any more than you expect all Americans to be honest.

Don't think that because one or two Chinese in your city operate laundries all Chinese in China are engaged in the same kind of business.

Don't try to purchase "chop suey" in China. It's a dish prepared by Chinese in America for American consumption and is unknown in China.

Don't become discouraged at China's struggles in establishing a permanent centralized Government. After some thousands of years of absolutism it isn't possible to organize a modern democracy in six years. Remember that it required several years between 1776 and 1865 for the American Nation to really establish itself.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1918.

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

Everett Newcomb, an eleven-year-old farm boy, of Monana, Iowa, walked barefoot in his nightgown from his home to town, one mile, asleep, and was none the worse for the experience when awakened.

Walter Markline, of Reading, Pa., arrested for robbing a half-dozen coal offices, pleaded guilty to the offense and was sent to the Spring City Institution for Feeble-Minded, from which institution he escaped a few days before committing these robberies.

Rural Policeman Paysinger went out in the Mallory portion of Mulline, Ga., and failing to find the negroes for whom he went in search he resolved not to return empty handed, so he came down upon a large rattlesnake and dealt it a death blow. The rattler was fifty-six inches long and had twelve rattles.

A six-foot black snake fell from the belfry of the Riverton (Md.) Methodist Church onto the shoulders of Benjamin F. Kennerly, the sexton, while he was ringing the bell. After a lively chase the snake was cornered in the church auditorium and killed. It evidently had made its home in the belfry and fed on birds which roost there.

During a severe storm that swept over Lake Michigan a large number of wild geese were sighted. The largest flock was seen at Twin River Point lighthouse. The flock consisted of more than 300 geese. The geese were confused by the flash of the light and broke the tower glass, one-half inch thick. One of the geese killed in the impact with the tower glass weighed over five pounds.

The Secretary of War has decided with reference to the disposition of liquor confiscated in many parts of the United States, that it will not be practicable for the War Department to utilize it. For medical purposes only relatively small quantities of very

select grades of whisky are utilized. It will not be practicable for the Medical Department to sort over the large quantities of all kinds of liquor to obtain the small quantity of satisfactory whisky which would be of use to it. The Ordnance Department, after consulting with the Chief of the Raw Materials Division of the War Industries Board (Mr. Summers), and the chief chemist of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, has come to the conclusion that the use of this alcoholic liquor by that department is not practicable. The Ordnance Department states that for the manufacture of smokeless powder very pure alcohol is needed, and that the redistillation of ordinary commercial intoxicating liquors might lead to the introduction of impurities in the redistilled alcohol which would injuriously affect the powder manufactured with the use of such alcohol. The Ordnance Department cannot afford to take the risk of producing poor powder for the sake of conserving this confiscated liquor.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

She—There seems to be a doubt whether kissing is proper or not. He—Let's put our heads together and consider.

Visitor—I hear you have been very ill, Nettie. Did you suffer much? Nettie (aged five)—Yes, ma'am; I enjoyed an awful lot of pain.

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband had \$100,000 when I married him. Mrs. Doyle—How much has he now? Mrs. Hoyle—Oh, he has most of the ciphers left.

Muffit—Hello, old chap! How are you feeling today? Weeks—Oh, I'm improving slowly—very slowly. Muffit—That's good! I'm delighted to hear it.

"Why are you always quarreling with me." "But you need not get angry. Just explain to her in a gentle tone where she is wrong." "But she is never wrong."

"Just my luck," wailed the woman. "Here is a chance to send letters to the British Isles for less than half price, and I don't know a soul in England to write to."

"John," said a business man to his Sicilian fruit vendor, "why did you leave Sicily?" "My country," answered John, "ten-cent a day. This country, ten-cent cigar."

"De Riter has had a novel published, I hear." "Yes. It's called 'Pygmalion,' and it's having a remarkable sale in Chicago." "Why in Chicago particularly?" "Well, I believe the people there were misled by the first syllable. They thought the book had something to do with their great home industry."

THE MIDDY'S GALLANT FIGHT.

By Horace Appleton

Billy Little, or, as his shipmates dubbed him, Little Billy, for one so young, was a thoroughbred seaman.

The first year of his life at sea was a tough one, he having fell in with a brutal captain.

Then he came into contact with Captain Disbrow, a kind-hearted, whole-souled man, who treated his men like human beings, not dogs.

Two years slip by; Billy is fifteen years of age.

We see him standing, bundle in hand, on the deck of the Hawk, which is lying in New York harbor.

By his side is Captain Disbrow, who says:

"Billy, I'm very sorry to lose you, but still I must advise you to go, for if you don't you will stand in your own light."

"I'm sorry, too," replied Billy in tremulous tones. "I'd like to be with you, for I owe so much to you for your kindness in the past."

Perhaps you ask—why this parting?

Simply because that during the preceding two years Billy had studied hard, had been advanced as rapidly as possible and as far as Captain Disbrow could push him.

Arrived in port, the captain had exerted himself and procured for Billy a commission as a midddy on board of a vessel belonging to the East Indian Transportation Company.

So Billy trudged along West Street to the pier where the ambler, his new vessel, lay, boarded her, sought the captain and introduced himself.

Billy found Captain Barnes to be a gruff-voiced, heavily bearded individual, somewhat, though unconsciously to a great degree, overbearing.

Several hours later, and the broad, blue, deep-rolling sea was before them.

A few days slipped by and, unconsciously almost, Billy began to conceive a great liking for Captain Barnes, who seemed to return it.

Outside of Captain Barnes, there was not a person on board the Rambler who knew so much as Billy about the service of seamanship—that is, in the ability to determine latitude and longitude and the like.

For a week or more after leaving port everything went along smoothly, Billy, from the death of the first lieutenant, having been advanced to the charge of the deck during one of the watches.

Then an incident occurred which changed the current of events in a very marked manner.

Pedro, the cook, was caught in the act of stealing, and, in his wrath, Captain Barnes ordered that he receive fifty lashes on his bare back.

After that Pedro maintained a sullen silence for a few days, and the observant Billy saw him in close conversation with one and then another of the South Sea natives.

"What can it mean?" thought Billy. "I must find out."

He communicated his suspicions to Captain Barnes, who advised letting the matter quietly rest until they could gain some definite information as to what mischief they were up to.

Night closed in dark but not stormy looking.

The first regular watch came up at one bell, and Billy had charge of the deck.

Two bells, three, four, five, six and seven bells, half-past eleven had rung when Billy saw form after form issue from the fore-castle hatchway and range themselves along the deck.

Before he could fairly realize the thing there came a cry of

"Now down with the dogs, but don't hurt a hair of Billy's head!"

Half of Billy's watch were Obejians, and with the assistance of their companions, despite the gallant struggle made by the brave tars, they were soon placed hors de combat.

As for Billy, he picked up a marlinespike, and, sailing in with a vim, knocked the swarthy-visaged devils right and left.

Alarmed and wakened from his sleep by the melee, the captain hurried on deck, pistol in hand. Seeing how matter stood, he bounded forward near to where Billy stood, and leveling his pistol, fired at the Portuguese, who, plainly to be seen, was the leader of the insurrection.

In his excitement the aim had been unsteady, and the ball whistled harmlessly over Pedro's head.

Again he raised his pistol, took more careful aim, but ere he could fire a black, approaching from behind, struck him a heavy blow on the head that stretched him bleeding and senseless on the deck.

Seeing the havoc that Billy was creating, Pedro motioned to finish the lad in the same way.

Just as he darted forward, intending to attack the leader of the conspirators, a heavy blow descended on his head.

When Billy returned to consciousness his head ached so miserably that he was almost blind. Still, he could recognize his surroundings sufficiently to know that he was in his own bed, and that Pedro was beside him, applying water to his head.

A few hours passed and he was able to sit up, although a dull, heavy pain across his temples nearly drove him crazy.

Pedro assisted him on deck, and the cool breeze revived him so that he began to look about him. Everywhere he saw the Obejians, at the wheel, at the stays and at the jibs; not a white man was to be seen.

"Where is the captain?" Billy asked of Pedro.

"Shut up in the hold."

"Where are the other sailors?"

"Shut up in the hold along with the captain."

"Why have you made an exception of me?"

"Because we want you to manage the vessel. I'm captain now, and you're sailing-master."

"What are you going to do with the vessel?" asked Billy after a short silence.

"First, we want to go to Guadelmir Island for water, then afterward—but never mind, that is enough for you to know now. Get your maps, and arrange our course for Guadelmir Island, and mind you, any treachery will cost you your life."

So, perforce, Billy got out his charts and compass, studied them, then went on deck and laid the Rambler's prow to the desired course.

Some days later the headlands of the Island were in sight.

They were soon ashore, and it became evident to Billy why they were all so anxious, for near the junction of the river with the sea stood an old shanty in which liquor was sold, this being the only habitation on this side of the island.

In a body they rushed to the hut and poured down glass after glass of the fiery, burning liquor.

Forced to accompany Pedro, Billy did so with as good grace as possible. Once inside the hut, the former, who was also a lover of liquor, poured a glass or two of the vile stuff down his throat, which had the effect of his relaxing his watch on Billy, who was not slow to perceive this, and seeing it, he took matters in a very cool way, impressing the now rapidly growing befogged Pedro with the idea that he would not escape if he could.

But Billy knew what he was about, and when some trivial dispute had attracted the attention to a common center and away from himself, he slipped quietly out of the door and started on a rapid run for the narrow strip of beach where the longboat lay.

When along half way there he heard a fearful yell behind him, and glancing back saw the whole crew issue from the hut and start in hot pursuit.

He reached the longboat, pushed her off and jumped in, just as the first of the blacks reached the beach.

He seized a pair of oars and commenced pulling away for dear life, but the boat was so heavy that he could scarcely move her; but once out into the river's current, that carried her outward toward the Rambler.

But the blacks, urged on by the wild yells of Pedro, rushed into the water, and with long, powerful strokes clove the water in swift pursuit.

"They are gaining," muttered Billy. "If they catch me they will kill me anyhow, so I'll sell my life as dearly as possible. Oh, how I wish I had a knife or a brace of pistols."

Just then a shimmer in the bottom of the boat struck his eye.

He knew what it was, and a glad cry escaped him.

"Ah, ha! my boys, come on. With that good sword I'll send some of you to eternity!"

Four of the blacks had caught up to and seized hold of the gunwales of the boat.

There was a rushing sound as the sword cleft the air, then a howl of mortal agony, and a black

had disappeared beneath the surface to rise no more. Another and another shared the same fate.

They closed in on him from all sides, some with uplifted hands holding gleaming knives, while those approaching carried them in their teeth.

A deadly blow is aimed at him from behind, another at his side, but he sees them not. Before him is one with knife upraised.

A sharp, stinging pain in his back told him that he had been wounded; he pauses not to look, but delivers a back-handed blow with terrible effect, it sweeping off two more of his foes.

The fight continued until but one foe was left, and he, evidently afraid of the terrible, gory instrument of death, kept at a respectful distance, swimming along some few feet away, as fast as the boat drifted.

At first, Billy was at a loss to understand the reason of his movements, then, as he forged slowly ahead, it rushed upon him.

The Obejiañ would endeavor to reach the Rambler first, and so effectually prevent any endeavor to release the prisoners.

It was only too apparent.

Billy resolved to try to outswim the black.

He laid down the sword, the only weapon he had, and taking a plunge, struck out for the vessel.

Billy strained every nerve, yet nearer and still nearer came the black.

Once he turned his head to look for Billy, when the latter saw the knife still between his gleaming teeth.

About a hundred feet from the vessel and they were within arm's length; the black clasped his knife, raised his arm and struck; but, active and quick, Billy avoided it and closed in on his assailant.

A wild struggle ensued, during which Billy managed to get hold of the knife and quickly drove it home in the breast of the black, who, uttering a dying groan, sank into the sea.

Weak and exhausted, it was all Billy could do to gain the Rambler's deck, and once there, he sank down, panting and gasping.

But he knew he must be up and doing; for, glancing shoreward, he saw the remaining blacks on the beach enter the water and swim out in the direction of the vessel.

With a spike he wrenched loose the clasps that help the hatchway down, then descended and released the captain and the seamen, to whom the surprise of their delivery was so great that some of them actually cried with delight.

They hurried on deck, shook out the sails, and slipping the cable, bore off from the island, skirted its shores to the opposite side to the seaport Unadilla, where they fortunately found enough good reliable seamen to fill up their complement, and also a government cruiser, who returned and helped capture the mutineers, all of whom were severely and justly punished for their misdeeds.

FROM ALL POINTS

REAL GOLD BRICK LANDS MAN IN JAIL.

Days and nights of diligent search into the past life of Charles Johnson, of Los Angeles, Cal., the man who was arrested by the police when he tried to sell a real gold brick, resulted in his being identified as one of the most wanted burglars in the United States, the officers say.

The discovery of a platinum ring setting in the gold brick caused Johnson's arrest.

The gold had been melted and formed into a brick, but the platinum had resisted the heat and retained its original form.

When Johnson was questioned about how the gold came into his possession he could not offer satisfactory answers, and was held by the police pending a further investigation.

CALIFORNIA'S FAMOUS ORANGE TREE DYING.

A battle for the life of Southern California's most famous tree began the other day, with the noted citrus culture experts of the world on the firing line. After bearing the first navel oranges ever grown in the United States and being the parent to groves producing \$67,000,000 in choice fruit annually, the tree at the head of Magnolia avenue in Riverside is believed to be dying.

A. D. Shamel, of the United States experimental station, Dr. H. J. Webber, of the University of California horticultural department, and consulting experts are making every effort to diagnose the disease that threatens death to the pioneer among the millions of citrus trees now spread over the State.

The tree was planted in 1873 by Mrs. C. L. Tibbets, who obtained it from the Government horticultural gardens at Washington. It came originally from Bahia, Brazil. The variety of fruit was named Washington navel, in honor of the national capital.

MARKET FOR MOONSHINERS.

Even the moonshiners have caught the profiteering fever. The moonshiner is operating in defiance of the Reed amendment, and that is sufficient justification, in his opinion, for a revision of the moonshine tariff upward. Travelers from sections of the state where this industry flourishes say that those who get on the trail have no trouble in securing a supply—if they have the money. The price, if the stuff is delivered at the still or at some secret selling point named by the 'shiner, is \$10 a gallon. If the moonshiner has been put to the trouble of getting it outside his prescribed limits, and in consequence has to run some risk, he charges \$12 a gallon. As a general thing the "runs" are made to fill orders in sight. If the 'shiner has got a ten-gallon crowd on his string he will make a run over-

night and dispose of the stuff direct from the still within 25 hours. Nobody can get moonshine liquor that has the "age" to it. Hot from the still it carries the traditional bite of the adder and kick of the mule, and concentrated lye is said to be a mild tonic in comparison to it. This explains why the men who drink it are regarded as meaner than the men who make it. The North Carolina moonshiner is too respectable a gentleman to drink the stuff he makes. The doctor may take his own physic, but the moonshiner places a higher value than that on his own life. He makes his pizen to sell.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN INDUSTRIAL WAR WORK.

There are approximately 1,266,061 women in the United States engaged in industrial work which is either directly or indirectly necessary to carry on the war, according to an estimate based on surveys made in 15 States for the National League of Women's Service by Miss Marie L. Obenauer with the sanction and assistance of the Department of Labor.

"These million and more women," said Miss Obenauer, "are in the front rank of the industrial army of defense. They are the important women of the Nation. Bands do not play in their honor; they do not wear picturesque uniforms; yet in the business of winning the war it is as necessary to protect their working efficiency as to safeguard the fighting efficiency of the men on the firing line."

The figures given are conservative, Miss Obenauer states. It is estimated that the normal increase in the number of women employed in the industries surveyed since the census of 1910 was 20 per cent. There were approximately 3,500 women employed in the munition factories in 1910. The number is now 100,000, according to Miss Obenauer. This again, she states, is a conservative estimate. She includes aeroplanes when speaking of munition factories.

"The thing our survey impressed upon us," said Miss Obenauer, "is that woman can not escape her world-old job—the job of feeding and clothing. She finds this to be her job outside as well as in the home if she is to be an important factor in winning the war."

"She longs to do her bit in picturesque fashion, but she is needed most for the work which she considers more or less drudgery because it has been her work through the ages. The women employed in the industries necessary to the winning of the war are, for the most part, weaving, sewing, and preserving food."

Miss Obenauer suggests, as a way to help relieve the clothing shortage in the Army, the establishment of community sewing places under Government supervision.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

PAPER IN POCKET STOPS BULLET.

William Mincer, a citizen of Spencer, Ia., was shot in the shoulder by Charles Rogers of Estherville. Another bullet hit the paper in his hip pocket and was stopped. The trouble occurred over a land deal and a judgment obtained by Mincer against Rogers.

WORLD'S SHIP LOSS IN WAR 9 PER CENT.

The German newspapers assert that in the first year of the unrestricted submarine warfare 9,000,000 tons of Allied and neutral shipping were sunk and that only 4,000,000 tons have been built to offset this.

As showing how unreliable is the information which the German authorities give out, the Associated Press is authorized to state that the claim put forward exaggerated the actual tonnage lost by more than 50 per cent. The total net loss of the world's ocean-going tonnage since the outbreak of the war, including the losses by marine risk as well as by enemy action, and allowing for enemy tonnage captured, amounts to less than 3,000,000, or 9 per cent. of the tonnage available at the outbreak of the war.

BIG DEMAND FOR BUTTONS DUE TO GOVERNMENT NEEDS.

The Government demand for large quantities of buttons has led American manufacturers to attempt to purchase back the stock of wholesalers and jobbers of buttons at the price asked the cutting-up trade in order to fill Government requisitions promptly. The figures furnished by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce show also that there has been a greater demand abroad for buttons made in this country. The exports of buttons and parts from the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, amounted to \$1,982,104, as compared with \$1,902,556 in 1916 and \$654,372 in 1914.

Buttons, especially the larger sizes, 40 to 55 line, such as are used on overcoats, of metal, horn, or vegetable ivory, are now much wanted. The demand has not only absorbed the American product, but has apparently stimulated the import trade in buttons.

SPARROW PIE FOUND TO BE DELICIOUS.

Blackbird pies have been heralded in song and fable since the beginning of time, but no hero was ever more greatly surprised when confronted by the four and twenty blackbirds of legendary fame than were the home economics experts of the Food Administration when confronted with sparrow pie the other day when guests at a luncheon served them in Washington by the Philadelphia Ledger. The

birds were caught in the suburbs of Philadelphia by James Hunt, Sir., of that city, who has started a movement to encourage the catching and eating of English sparrows in this country.

Sparrow pie is a staple English dainty. In this country English sparrows are considered a pest because they destroy grain, and therefore their bodies make clean, wholesome food. Special traps have been devised by which several dozen sparrows may be caught at once, either by day or night. Sparrows are easily prepared for cooking by a simple cleaning process of cutting away the necks and legs and peeling the skin off, feathers and all.

WAR COSTING U. S. \$24,000,000 A DAY.

Ten months of the war have cost the United States about \$7,100,000,000—at the rate of nearly \$24,000,000 a day.

More than half of this huge sum, or \$4,121,000,000 has been paid as loans to the Allies and the balance, about \$3,000,000,000, represents America's outlay for its own war purposes, exclusive of more than \$600,000,000 for ordinary governmental expenses.

The war's toll in money is increasing at the rate of more than \$100,000,000 a month, and indications now are that the two remaining months of the Nation's first year as a belligerent will run its war bill to nearly \$10,000,000,000, of which \$5,000,000,000 will be for Allied loans and about the same amount for the army, navy, Shipping Board and other war agencies.

These figures were compiled the other day from the latest available Treasury figures.

NEW UNITED STATES STAMPS.

Thirty-seven new spaces in the stamp albums of coming years already are assured as a direct result of the status of the United States as a belligerent power. It is not customary for a nation to wage war without providing something of interest to philatelists. The South and Central American countries, which have aligned themselves with the Entente have not yet issued war stamps, but it is expected that some or all of them eventually will do so.

The contributions of the United States in this respect are various. Most of them arise out of the war tax legislation enacted by Congress. Twenty-one documentary revenue labels soon made their appearance, ranging in values from one cent to \$1,000 for use on wills, deeds, conveyances and kindred legal papers. This practice was adopted by the Government in Civil War days, and resumption of it now will turn millions of dollars into the Nation's war coffers. The tax on playing cards was raised from two to seven cents, thus making a seven-cent revenue to displace the lower denomination.

SNAPPER CIGAR.

The real thing for the cigar grafter. If you smoke you must have met him. He sees a few choice cigars in your pocket and makes no bones about asking you for one. You are all prepared for him this time. How? Take one of these cigars snap-pers (which is so much like a real cigar you are liable to smoke it yourself by mistake). Bend the spring back towards the lighted end, and as you offer the cigar let go the spring and the victim gets a sharp, stinging snap on the fingers. A sure cure for grafters. Price, by mail, ten cents each, postpaid or three for 25c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE SPIDER WEB PUZZLE.

A very interesting little puzzle. It consists of a heavily nicked plate and brass ring. The object is to get the ring from the side to the center and back. This is very hard, but we give directions making it easy. Price, 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH,
583 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

CACHOO AND ITCH POWDER.

As Itch powder, Cachoo and Bombs are unobtainable, we cannot accept orders for less than One Dollar's worth of an assortment. They can be sent by express only, on which we will prepay the charges.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC MIND READING.

Wonderful! Startling! Scientific! You hand a friend a handsome set of cards on which are printed the names of the 28 United States Presidents. Ask him to secretly select a name and hold the card to his forehead and think of the name. Like a flash comes the answer "Lincoln, Washington," or whatever name he is thinking of. The more you repeat it the more puzzling it becomes. With our outfit you can do it anywhere, any time, with anybody. Startle your friends. Do it at the next party or at your club and be the lion of the evening. This was invented by a famous magician. Price, with complete set of cards and full instructions, 12 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

MAGIC LINK PUZZLE.

A number of rings. The scheme is to link them together just exactly the same way magicians link their hoops. It looks dead easy. But we defy anybody to do it unless they know the secret. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

**TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS**

Offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other 9 it is poisonous & seriously injurious to health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foal breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by sudden stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this: show to others. This adv. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew.

Address: **EDWARD J. WOODS,**

228 Y, Station F, New York, N. Y.

GREAT BURGLAR PUZZLE.

The latest and most fascinating puzzle ever placed on the market. Patented May 30. It consists of four revolving dials, each dial containing 18 figures, 64 figures in all. To open the safe these dials must be turned around until the figures in each of the 18 columns added together total 40. The puzzle is made on the plan of the combination lock on the large iron safes that open on a combination of figures. Persons have been known to sit up all night, so interested have they become trying to get each column to total 40, in this fascinating puzzle. With the printed key which we send with each puzzle the figures can be set in a few minutes so as to total 40 in each column.

Price 15 cents, mailed, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE MAGIC PAPER.

The latest, greatest and best little trick perfected by the ingenious Japanese is called Yaka Hula. It consists of two packages of specially prepared paper, one a sensitized medium, and the other a developing medium. The process of manufacture is a secret. By wetting a white sheet, and pressing a pink sheet on top of it, the white sheet will develop quaint photographic scenes, such as landscapes of Japan, portraits of Japanese characters, pictures of peculiar buildings, Gods, temples, etc. These pictures are replicas of actual photographs, and print up in a beautiful sepia brown color. Intensely interesting for both old and young. Price, 12c. per package, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

POCKET SIGNAL CHART

With Booklet of Instructions
in accordance with

U.S. ARMY AND NAVY SYSTEMS, 1918

With this chart the authorized codes are quickly learned. Signals are read and verified immediately. Can be operated with one hand while the other writes.

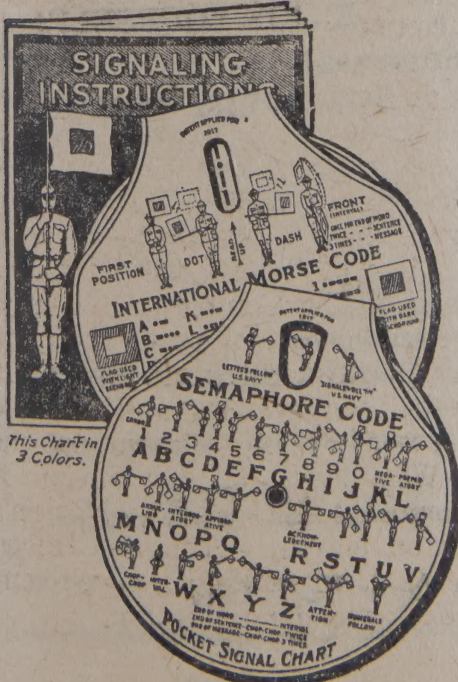
For use by Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Lone Scouts, Red Cross Societies, Schools, Y. M. C. A.s—besides Military, Naval and Patriotic Organizations, Enlisted Men, Camps, etc. We can make you very low rates in quantity. Write To-day!

The Booklet which goes with the Chart is endorsed by authorities as being the simplest, clearest treatise on signaling.

Price, 10 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.

166 West Twenty-third St., New York City

**Rider Agents Wanted**

Everywhere to ride and exhibit the new **Ranger Motorbike** completely equipped with electric light and horn, carrier, stand, tool tank, coaster-brake, mud guards and anti-skid tires. Choice of 44 other styles, colors and sizes in the famous "Ranger" line of bicycles.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL**. Send for big free catalog and particulars of our Factory-direct-to-Rider marvelous offers and terms.

Tires Lamps, Horns, Wheels, Sundries, and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices.

SEND NO MONEY but tell us exactly what you need. Do not buy until you get our prices, terms and the big FREE catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY

Dept. M 188 CHICAGO

**OLD MONEY WANTED**

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for Hundreds of Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old Money. You may have Coins worth a Large Premium. Send 10c. for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x6. Get Posted at Once.

CLARKE COIN CO., Box 35, Le Roy, N. Y.



WONDER BUTTON-HOLE LAMP. Cutest thing out. Makes a bright scene for blocks. Burns any oil. Boys go wild over it. By mail, 15c.

C. A. NICHOLS, JR.,
Box 90, Lincoln Park, New York.

To the Wife of One Who Drinks

I have an important confidential message for you. It will come in a plain envelope. How to conquer the liquor habit in 3 days and make home happy. Wonderful, safe, lasting, reliable, inexpensive method, guaranteed. Write to Edw. J. Woods, C 228, Station F, New York, N. Y. Show this to others.

GREENBACKS

Pack of \$1,000 Stage Bills, 10c; 3 packs, 25c. Send for a pack and show the boys what a WAD you carry.

C. A. Nichols Jr., Box 90, Lincoln Park, N. Y.

TWO-CARD MONTE.

This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.

Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK.

This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any,

he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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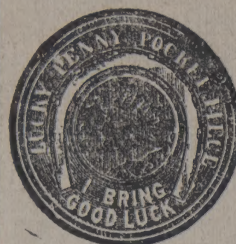
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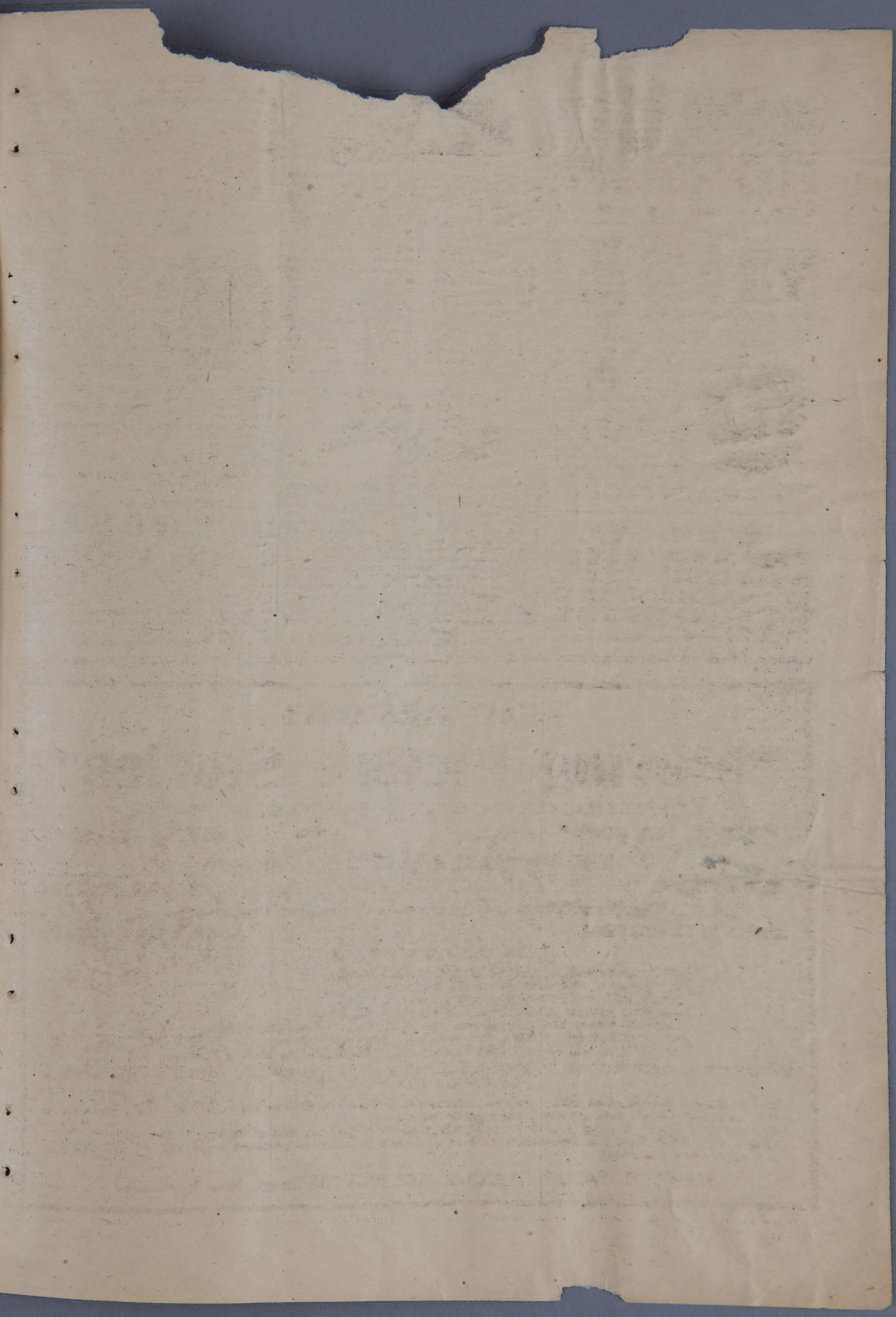
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